

# THE DIAL

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## THE FIRST CITIZEN OF THE REPUBLIC.

For many years it was the custom of John Bigelow to keep "open house" for his friends on Thanksgiving Day, in the fine old Gramercy Park mansion which had long been his home. It was a pleasant way, both for him and his guests, to celebrate his birthday, which fell on the twenty-fifth of November. What proved to be the last of these gatherings was held a month ago, ushering in the ninety-fifth year of the life of the venerable host. He died on the nineteenth of December, after an illness of three days, unexpectedly — at least in the sense that a man who has carried his intellectual and physical vigor far into the nineties may well keep on surprising the world indefinitely. The tale of his accumulated years, and of the honors that had been their fruit, had made him "the first citizen of New York," as he was often styled, possibly even the most distinguished citizen of the nation which had long been proud of his fame. He had lived in the lifetime of George III., Napoleon, and every President except Washington; as a boy he had witnessed Lafayette's triumphal progress through the country he had helped to call into being, and had grown up among men to whom Bunker Hill was a personal memory; as a man, he had witnessed the transformation of Europe into a continent of constitutional governments, and of his own country into the most powerful and prosperous nation on earth; he had seen such younger men as Hale and Higginson and Mitchell die of old age, and still he lived on in a world which by means of his vital personality was enabled to link the present with the far distant past. As was finely said by the newspaper which he helped to build up more than half a century ago, his disappearance now seems "like the fading from a familiar landscape of a snow-crowned mountain peak."

John Bigelow was born November 25, 1817, at Malden, New York, and was graduated from Union College in 1835. Three years later he was admitted to the bar, and combined a growing practice with a multifarious literary activity. His support of Van Buren in the Free Soil Campaign of 1848 brought him to the attention of Bryant, who offered him an interest in the

"Evening Post." The offer was accepted and Bigelow became one-third owner of the paper, greatly increasing its circulation and influence. At the outbreak of the Civil War he sold his interest to Parke Godwin, and went to Paris as American consul upon Lincoln's appointment. In 1864 he was made American minister, holding this post for three years. His public services were very great at this time of ticklish conditions in our affairs abroad; he thwarted a French plot to furnish the Confederacy with ironclads, and he conducted the negotiations which put an end to Napoleon's piratical venture in Mexican imperialism. He then lived in Germany for a number of years, concerned with the education of his children. Upon his return to America, he was appointed by Governor Tilden to the State Canal Commission of New York, and was elected to the office of Secretary of State. His active life, in the sense of office-holding and money-getting, was now over, although many an honorary position was still to be thrust upon him. In the better sense, his activities were in full swing, and ceased only with his death. He says in his autobiography:

"I was able to retire with a property which could not be fairly valued at less than \$175,000. This was not a large fortune for a man in the middle of the journey of life to retire upon, even in those days. It now seems barely enough to begin life with. To me, however, it promised all that wealth could give me. The Golden Age, in my imagination then, was the age when gold did not reign."

John Bigelow's association with Tilden was one of the most important things in his life, for it made him a trustee of the Tilden bequest, and for many years president of the library board. His acceptance of the new library building in May, 1911, marked his last appearance before the public. An equally impressive public appearance was that of the preceding December, when he made the address opening the joint session of the American Academy and the National Institute upon the stage of the New Theatre. As executor of Tilden's will, he also became his official biographer, publishing in several volumes the life, speeches, letters, and literary memorials of his old friend. A second literary task of major importance was the work done in connection with Franklin, which included the three-volume biography, the ten-volume edition of the writings, and the authentic version of the autobiography, which had previously been published in a form sadly garbled as a result of the mistaken piety of Franklin's descendants. Among his other works may be mentioned a book on Jamaica, a life of Frémont, a monograph on Glad-

stone in his relations to our Civil War, "Les Etats-Unis d'Amérique en 1863," a study of Molinos the Quietist, "France and the Confederate Navy," a life of Bryant, and a number of quaintly styled *opuscula*, such as "Peace Given as the World Giveth," and "The Proprium, or What of Man Is Not His Own." It is a catalogue of varied interest, extending to upwards of twenty titles, and nearly twice that number of volumes,—certainly a sufficient reason for according the author an honorable place among our men of letters.

Mr. Bigelow's religious affiliations were with the Swedenborgians, illustrating once more the curious appeal which the Swedish mystic made to many American minds of the finer type in the forties and fifties. In this case, it was a chance acquaintance made in the West Indies that was the cause of the "conversion." "He lent me one of Swedenborg's books. I became so interested in it that I read it without ceasing from ten o'clock in the morning until six o'clock that night. For twenty years thereafter I read Swedenborgian books many hours a day." In his political faith, Mr. Bigelow was a democrat of the old school, to which democracy meant conservatism, and public economy, and financial integrity, and a rooted belief in free-trade. The protective policy was to him the sum of all iniquities, and he punctured its fallacies in many a pungent phrase. The protective creed was for him "a dogma in a republic only fit for a highwayman, a fool, or a drunkard." His motto was Hamlet's "Reform it altogether," and the "revision downward" of the opportunist politician was "an idle dream, as idle as baying the moon for rain. To expect a reduction of the tariff in this country is to expect a dipsomaniac to clamor for water instead of whiskey." It was only a year or two ago that he penned this tart reply to an appeal from the Reform Club that he should coöperate in their work:

"When your Reform Committee is prepared to take a firm stand against any tariff upon imports, to make every harbor on our sea coast as free to the commerce of the world as those of New York are to those of New Jersey, or those of Pennsylvania are to those of Virginia, I shall be happy to join you and do what I can to promote the success of your labors. In such a work I should have the satisfaction of knowing that I was not even indirectly countenancing a vicious system of taxation, also that I was helping to put our statesmen upon an inquiry for sources of revenue that were not tainted with every crime save murder, of which highwaymen have ever been condemned by the laws of God or man."

He could be tart upon other subjects also, as in the case of his letter to the committee in charge of the Hudson-Fulton celebration. He repre-

sented the indignant spirits of the men who were to be commemorated as thus speaking:

"If you wish to honor us for what we have done to render this magnificent waterway useful, restore it to the condition in which we left it and when it was ready to appease the hunger and thirst of millions of people. Instead of that you have not given a thought or appropriated a penny for the discharge of the first duty which our names should have prompted you to discharge. Your homage to our memory is a mockery, an insult, a subterfuge for a Roman holiday, for *panem et circenses*. Take our names from your escutcheons and replace them with the names of the candidates whose political fortunes you are striving to promote. We have no longer anything in common with a city in which politics and prostitution are convertible terms."

And he closed his epistle in this strain:

"What a dance of death will be the procession up the Hudson of the Half Moon, not the original, but the counterfeit Half Moon, 'built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,' Mayor McClellan at its prow and the chairman of the Republican State Committee at the helm, and the aldermen who devised the Building Code in the steerage. 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' And so will the subscriber ever pray."

The appearance of Mr. Bigelow's autobiography, about two years ago, was the publishing event of the season. It carried the narrative only part way, and the author was busy with its continuation up to his closing days. It is understood that a considerable addition to the original three volumes has been left practically ready for publication. For this, as for his other literary labors, his country will ever be grateful, but even more for the example of his life. Happy indeed is the man who can earn a modest competence, and then deliberately devote the rest of his years to objects which take no account of money, saying with our author: "I have complete independence and liberty now because I did that. I have done work for nothing without thinking about money for a long time." One could set himself no higher aim than this, coupling with it the cherishing of those graces of courtesy and simple dignity which made of John Bigelow so very fine a gentleman.

#### SOME EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TRAVELLERS IN AMERICA.

##### I.

"For a generation past," writes Professor McMaster in his "History of the People of the United States"—referring to the year 1812—"it had been the fashion for English travellers in America on their return home to write books narrating their adventures in the New World, and describing the manners, customs, usages, languages, peculiarities, and

forms of government of the people." Fortunately, most of these writings are forgotten. "Whoever has travelled in foreign parts knows," as our historian observes, "that such descriptions are of little value"; and these particular volumes are no less ill-tempered than ignorant. And yet contemporary readers came to believe that, behind these attacks by travellers who had received a most generous reception, stood the British ministry, whose policy it was to belittle and abuse us. Writers seriously affirmed that the seeming travellers were subsidized lampooners, out of Grub Street. After the second of our wars with the mother country, the criticism of America took on an even more serious form. Critics of Southey's repute, wits as modish as Sydney Smith, all the quarterly reviewers, joined in the hue and cry,—in order to discourage immigration, said some; as an inexpensive manner of revenge, thought others. For ten years waged an inkpot-battle that was none the less bitter for being futile; criticisms bred rejoinders, strictures, recriminations. Meantime there was engendered in this country "a hearty detestation of Great Britain which strongly affected international relations for many years to come." Incidentally, though many "Travels" and "Journeys" and "Journals" were inscribed, no worthy contribution was made to the literature of travel.

However, before the kind of works I speak of came into fashion a certain number of worthier books were written in our honor by foreigners or citizens of alien birth. It seems strange that we who make so much of foreign travels should make so very little of these excellent *hors d'œuvres* from our own garden-plot. The earlier voyagers—high-spirited explorers, or Jesuits carrying the cross through an unmapped wilderness—make thrilling reading. Then there are also the eighteenth-century travellers—good companions, albeit less heroic. True as it is that the Vicomte de Chateaubriand almost founded the *genre* of literary travels—at least he may certainly be given the credit of dignifying it, as Scott dignified the novel—that supreme rhetorician is not the only European who found in his American experiences a literary inspiration. It is hardly surprising that Lafayette, who proved himself so good a friend of the Colonies, was an enthusiastic historian of their novelty and simplicity. He wrote home, indeed, of their patriotism and delightful equality: "the worthiest and the poorest were on a level," and, though there were some large fortunes, he discovered no distinction in the manners of different classes toward each other. Lafayette considered Charleston one of the handsomest and best-built cities he had ever seen, and its inhabitants the most agreeable people; he found even the inns delightful. But Lafayette is only one traveller, and not the most illuminating.

In the last few years, at least, American publishers seem to have discovered the attractiveness of some of the less known narratives of early travel, and we have from their presses several



handsome reprints.\* The writers whose fame is thus refreshed are, chiefly, Crèvecoeur, Latrobe, and John Davis. At a somewhat earlier date was issued a fragment of Thomas Twining's diary—recording that honest Englishman's impressions of the States in 1796. In Virginia, this observer notes, hammer and trowel were everywhere in evidence: "a cheering sight, and a remarkable contrast with the dilapidation of cities which I had seen in my former [i. e., East Indian] travels. Although the latter," Twining adds, "were calculated to afford a deeper interest in some respects, the scene of new and active life, the foundations of future prosperity which Alexandria presented, made me feel how much more gratifying it is to observe the rise of a new state than the decline of an old one." Needless to add that the "Alexandria" referred to is the Alexandria of Virginia.

Such was the mood of America's earlier visitors; and their jottings are to be cherished by all good Americans. For it was only a great while later that the cosmopolitan Philarete Charles wrote: "While Europe is breaking up, America is forming herself. . . . America waxes great; Europe wanes away." Charles's antithesis was only for the future; and it is, meanwhile, a pleasant coincidence that Twining's remarks on Alexandria are pretty closely paralleled by the Franco-American Farmer, St. John de Crèvecoeur. He declares:

"We are all apt to love and admire exotics, even though they may be inferior to our own possessions. And that is the reason, I imagine, why so many persons are continually going to visit Italy. . . . Methinks there would be much more solid satisfaction in observing among us, the humble rudiments and embryos of societies spreading every where, the recent foundation of our towns, and the settlement of so many rural districts. I am sure that the rapidity of their growth would be more pleasing to behold, than the ruins of old towers, useless aqueducts, or impending battlements."

If the general category of books written by early travellers in America has thus far wanted popularity, perhaps one reason has been the old bitterness engendered by a very different class of visitors. Twining and Crèvecoeur were eclipsed, alas! by their virulent successors. Now, however, the time is ripe for us to learn, first, that not all our visitors, even at this stage, were Englishmen; second, that of the English, not all, by any means, were cads. The authors named should come into their own,—for Captain Hall and

the unspeakable (albeit vivacious) Mrs. Trollope were long since banished from the bookshelf. Let us forget their very existence in making the acquaintance of John Davis, poet and novelist, peripatetic tutor and indefatigable journalist.

## II.

Davis's book, if its taste is not always irreproachable, is one of the most imaginative devoted to our then unlettered land. From it we learn, besides something of Brockden Brown, "Father of the American Novel," and of the "American Addison," Joseph Dennie, editor of "The Port-Folio," much of the writer's personality. And that is well; for to know the traveller as well as the travels is one of the great *desiderata* in this kind of writing. One is sure that this John Davis was a fetching compound of sentimentalism and self-confidence,—with the latter quality reinforced by a strongly practical sense that always carried the day.

He was a Salisbury lad, we know, and, in his own words, "reared in the lap of opulence." Also, he ran away from home to become a sailor. One may rest assured that, in character as in experience, he was not like most of his conservative compatriots. In the first place, he travelled through these States of ours by horse and sloop and on foot: and I am always prejudiced, as a fellow-pedestrian, in favor of any traveller proceeding under his own power. Born vagabond that he was, Davis was something of a book-worm, too. He writes:

"When the boatswain's mate piped Starboardlines, I walked up the main rigging into the top. I always put Le Sage in my pocket; and in the maintop of an East Indiaman, under a cloudless tropical sky, when the breeze was so steady that for days we had no occasion to start either tack or sheet, I began to cultivate the language of the Court of Lewis the Fourteenth."

It was in 1798 that he embarked at Bristol for the United States; in other words, he was twenty-two. He modestly confesses:

"I had before made some progress in Greek, and began the study of the language of harmony, with the Father of Poetry, and the Bible of the Ancients. In Latin, I had looked into every writer of the Julian and Augustan ages; the study of French has always been to me like the cracking of nuts; and in my vernacular idiom, I had neglected no author from Bunyan to Bolingbroke."

Thus he was, if we may take his word for it, a finished linguist. We read, indeed, all in one sentence, that he "translated at New York Bonaparte's 'Campaign in Italy,' a considerable octavo, and proceeded to the South." At one juncture, he reproduces in his book of travels a considerable "French Essay" of his own composition: accounting for his proficiency by the fact that he was never in France. "I therefore enjoy a particular advantage," he explains; "for my style, formed only upon writers, can be infected with no colloquial barbarisms." There spoke an Englishman!

If his humor is sometimes delightfully unconscious, Davis is not wanting in calculated humor scarcely less refreshing. Both his humor and his amazing modernity of temper declare themselves in the preface to his substantial Travels, where he promises us that, in comparing this volume with

\* LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN FARMER. By J. Hector St. John Crèvecoeur [sic.] Reprinted from the Original Edition (London, 1782.) With a Prefatory Note by W. P. Trent, and an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Duffield & Co.

THE JOURNAL OF LATROBE. Being the Notes and Sketches of an Architect, Naturalist, and Traveler in the United States from 1796 to 1820. By Benjamin Henry Latrobe. With Introduction by J. H. B. Latrobe. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

TRAVELS OF FOUR AND A HALF YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA during 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802. By John Davis. With an Introduction and Notes by A. J. Morrison. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

TRAVELS IN AMERICA 100 YEARS AGO. By Thomas Twining. New York: Harper & Brothers.



those of his predecessors, one "will find himself exempt from various persecutions," to wit:

"(1) I make no mention of my dinner, whether it was fish or flesh, boiled or roasted, hot or cold. (2) I never complain of my bed. (3) I make no drawings of old castles, old churches, old pent-houses, and old walls, which, undeserving of repair, have been abandoned by their possessors."

These are negative merits—and some of them doubtful at that. It is more to the point that he delineates, in high relief, more than one "criginal"—now and again an American type, still recognizable; now such a figure as "Mr. George," the conceited Irish schoolmaster, his friend; not to forget the admirable De Bow, a physician with more than a touch of the charlatan, who might have stepped out from a chapter of Smollett or Fielding. He says:

"I landed at Charleston with Doctor De Bow, who had clad himself in his black suit, and though a young man, wore a monstrous pair of spectacles on his nose. Adieu jollity! adieu laughter! the Doctor was without an acquaintance on a strange shore, and he had no other friend but his solemnity to recommend him. . . . In a few days he contrived to hire part of a house in Union-Street; obtained credit for a considerable quantity of drugs; and only wanted a chariot to equal the best Physician in Charleston."

De Bow avoided Dr. Holmes's error, and it was to no purpose that Davis "endeavoured to provoke him to laughter." Instead, he got his friend the traveller to furnish him with "a few Latin phrases, which he dealt out to his hearers with an air of profound learning. He generally concluded his speeches with *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*."

Well might Sir George Trevelyan write in his "American Revolution" that these Travels of John Davis's make "an exquisitely absurd book, which the world, to the diminution of its gayety, has forgotten!"

### III.

The editor of these Travels takes pains to state that here is a work unique in its period, being written by one who, professedly a man of letters, "cared little for the political aspects of what he saw, and asked no place among statisticians." (It seems to be the editor's chief affair, nowadays, to prove his book "unique.") And Mr. Morrison goes on to say that "Crèvecoeur and Chateaubriand were sentimentalists"—which is true enough; but that Chateaubriand "might have written his book in his tower"—whatever that means—and that Crèvecoeur "is very disquisitional." Clever oppositions, no doubt; although what has deeply impressed me about Davis and Chateaubriand is, precisely, their common aloofness from mere matters of fact; while both Davis and Crèvecoeur, like Chateaubriand himself, are saturated with Rousseau. Davis was, frankly, a reader and admirer of "Emile"; as for Crèvecoeur, he does not need to name Rousseau, penetrated as he is by some of his theories and all of his sympathies. Crèvecoeur is, at bottom, a far more utopian personage than either Chateaubriand or Davis; he delights in spinning out little idylls and anecdotes, such as Bernardin might have inscribed. Davis, on the

other hand, writes that "his study was Latin, his recreation the Confessions of the eloquent Citizen of Geneva." Just as the author of the *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe* lived out, in England, that episode of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, so did Davis, in America, indulge himself (he, too, a tutor) in adventures mildly à la *St.-Preux*. He even read the novel of Rousseau's disciple Bernardin with one of his fair pupils—herself a Virginia. If one could accept John Davis's writings as strictly documentary, one would be almost justified in defending Wilde's paradox that Life copies Literature—not Literature mere Life. But Davis's narrative is itself largely "literary." It is, let us say, as imaginative as Rostand's "Romanesques": where Percinet reads Sylvette "Romeo and Juliet," and where these youngsters proceed thereupon to interpret for themselves the *beaux vers du grand Will*; their fathers—helped by Straforel—complacently performing for an act or two the Montagu and Capulet. In Davis, one never forgets the novelist in the traveller.

Crèvecoeur's "Letters from an American Farmer," like Davis's book, has an unmistakably literary motive and flavor. This time, however, the book is not merely "literary": it is literature. According to Hazlitt, "the power to sympathize with nature, without thinking of ourselves or others, if it is not a definition of genius, comes near to it"; and he wrote these lines with Crèvecoeur in mind as one who possessed that magic power. He who thinks the praise too great for a writer so unfamiliar is recommended to read of a certain battle between two snakes—of "the dazzling, almost invisible flutter of the humming-bird's wing"—of the planting of the sassafras tree. But "enough of this illustrious obscure," to quote Hazlitt once more; "for it is the rule of criticism to praise none but the overpraised, and to offer fresh incense to the idol of the day."

Others, at least, have followed that "rule of criticism": the American Farmer—born a French gentleman, be it said in passing—has long enjoyed an undisturbed seclusion. Lamb, to be sure, recommended his book to friends and correspondents; the dreamers about a Pantisocracy read it; Lowell called it "that dear book." But Dr. Eliot has preferred to include Woolman's dull Journal in his recent collection—a book no more informing, certainly, and much less graceful in spirit and in phrasing. Though here stands a writer who uses the tone of an idealistic philosopher and the powers of observation of a woodsman, there is only this clumsy reprint to remind readers of his adventurous life and gentle spirit; to remind them, also, how he tangibly expressed the Rousseauian ideal. Though we have in St.-John de Crèvecoeur a contemporary—a correspondent, even—of Franklin, yet, while he shared many of Poor Richard's enthusiasms, one may travel far without finding a more complete antithesis to the common-sense philosopher. In a prose age, Crèvecoeur lived a kind of pastoral poetry; in an age largely blind, he saw the beauties of nature, not through readings in

the French, but with his own keen eyes. His powers of observation are in marked contrast with Chateaubriand's generalizing tendency, exhibited in his "American Travels" as in all his writings. And the man's optimism, his grateful personality, his sufferings, are all endearments. This poet-naturalist might have used Cotton's "Retirement" for a motto on his title-page:

"Farewell, thou busy world, and may  
We never meet again;  
Here I can eat and sleep and pray . . ."

but that he found time to turn the clods withal, and eyes to watch the earth blackening behind the plough.

"Our necessities," wrote Poe (who contended, in a half-hearted manner, that Americans were as poetical a people as any other), "have been mistaken for our propensities. Having been forced to make railroads, it has been deemed impossible that we should make verse." But here was St. John de Crèvecoeur writing, in the eighteenth century, his idyllic Letters; while, if he did not build railroads, he interested himself in the experiments of Fitch and Rumsey and Parmentier, and he organized a packet-line between New York and a French port. Crèvecoeur should have appealed to the American imagination from the first, combining as he did the faculty of the ideal and the achievement of the actual.

#### IV.

"A letter is only conversation in black and white," he writes. Our Farmer emphasizes his plainness, and promises only a matter-of-fact account of his pursuits. Yet he has his full share of eighteenth century "sensibility." Since he is, however, at many removes from the sophistications of London and Paris, he is stirred, not by the fond behavior of a lap-dog (like Mackenzie), or "the little arrangement" a carter makes with the bridle of his departed ass (driven to death, likely enough; see the "Sentimental Journey"), but by such matters as he finds at home. "When I contemplate my wife, by my fire-side, while she either spins, knits, darns, or suckles our child, I cannot describe the various emotions of love, of gratitude, of conscious pride which thrill in my heart and often overflow in voluntary tears." He never returns home "without feeling some pleasant emotion," often suppressed "as useless and foolish." He has his reveries, too—but they are pure and generous; their subject is the future of his children. One is reminded of a page in Twining's diary, already cited; writing of the farms that he passed in travelling from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and the farmhouses "formed of bars or logs of wood, covered with laths and plaster," the situation of their proprietors seems to him little enviable; but compensated by the fact that "every first settler in a new country labors less for the present than for the future, for himself than for his posterity, and it is this honorable consciousness that invigorates his toil, cheers his solitude, and alleviates his privations." Here Twining renders, as Hazlitt justly says Crèvecoeur succeeds in doing, in his vividly characteristic

manner, "not only the objects, but the feelings, of a new country." Nor is that all.

For Crèvecoeur at least is, when all is said and done, the eighteenth-century Thoreau: a Thoreau more urbane (if urbanity is at all compatible with the thought of that naturalist)—a French-American Thoreau. Other journalists of the eighteenth century were gifted as naturalists: this even among the American travellers. The architect Latrobe, for example, was more highly gifted in this respect than was good Crèvecoeur. He aptly enough describes (Petersburg, June 17, 1796) how a Mr. Anderson, with what he considered "a most desperate intrepidity, stripped himself, and, furnished only with a pipe of tobacco, knocked off the head of two beehives and robbed them of their contents without being once stung by the thousand bees that were buzzing about him." But Crèvecoeur describes how, in midwinter, instead of trapping and "murdering" the quail, "often in the angles of fences where the motion of the wind prevents the snow from settling, I carry them both chaff and grain: the one to feed them, the other to prevent their tender feet from freezing fast to the earth, as I have frequently observed them to do." This is an indication of his love for the birds of field and forest; he was no less observing than affectionate. A German traveller wrote that "in the thrush kind America is poor: there is only the red-breasted robin. . . . Very few birds nest in the woods; a solemn stillness prevails through them, interrupted only by the screaming of the crows." It is well to set beside this passage Crèvecoeur's statement that in the spring he generally rose from bed "about the indistinct interval, which, properly speaking, is neither night nor day," to enjoy "the universal vocal choir." He continues (more and more lyrically):

"Who can listen unmoved to the sweet love-foes of our robins, told from tree to tree? or to the shrill cat birds? The sublime accents of the thrush from on high, always retard my steps, that I may listen to the delicious music."

And the Farmer is no less interested in "the astonishing art which all birds display in the construction of their nests, ill provided as we may suppose them with proper tools." At one time during his long American residence, he gathered the materials for an unpublished study of ant-life; and his bees were ever a great interest for him: "their government, their industry, their quarrels, their passions." In hours of rest he was most often to be found, he tells us, under the locust tree where his bee-hive stood. "By their movements," he wrote, "I can predict the weather, and can tell the day of their swarming." When other men go hunting game, he goes bee-hunting. Such are the matters he tells of in his Letters. And he gains in comparison with Latrobe—that other naturalist—so long as our principal objects of comparison are style and quickness of sentiment and liveliness of interest. To neither writer was nature a mere bundle of poetic stage-properties, soiled by much handling. And for Crèvecoeur, at least, nature was something fresh and inviting and

full of inner as well as superficial meaning. He took more pleasure in hunting bees than in expeditions with his dog and gun; the king-birds destroy his bees; but, he adds, they drive the crows away. To this extent does he anticipate Emerson's doctrine of compensations. As for the king-birds, he ordinarily could not persuade himself to shoot them. On one occasion, when he fired at a more than commonly impertinent specimen, "and immediately opened his maw," he took from it 175 bees.

"I laid them all on a blanket in the sun, and to my great surprise 54 returned to life, licked themselves clean, and joyfully went back to the hive; where they probably informed their companions of such an adventure and escape as I believe had never happened before to American bees."

Must one regard this as a fable? It is by no means so remarkable a yarn as one may find told by other naturalists of the same century. There is, for example, that undated letter of John Bartram's in which he makes inquiries of his brother William concerning "Ye Wonderful Flower"; there is, too, Kalm's report of Bartram's bear:

"When a bear catches a bear, he kills her in the following manner: he bites a hole into the hide & blows with all his power into it, till the animal swells excessively & dies; for the air expands greatly between flesh and the hide."

After fancies like these, where is the improbability of Crèvecoeur's modest adaptation of the Jonah allegory, that he refreshes in applying to the king-bird and the bees? The episode suggests, for that matter, a chapter in *Ik Marvel's* "Farm at Edgewood." That later "American Farmer" describes the same birds, the same bees; he has, too, the same supremely gentle spirit. "I have not the heart to shoot the king-birds, nor do I enter very actively into the battles of the bees," he confesses. "I give them fair play, good lodging, limitless flowers, willows bending (as Virgil advises) into the quiet waters of a near pool." Crèvecoeur himself might have written thus; it is the essential modernity of the earlier writer that most impresses one, after the quiet charm of his pictures.

Yet his was the age of William Livingston—later governor of New Jersey. In the very year when a London publisher issued the first edition of the *Farmer's Letters*, Livingston (described on his title-page as a "young gentleman educated at Yale College") brought out his "Philosophic Solitude," at Trenton, in his native State. It is worth our while to quote "Philosophic Solitude": for "one cannot write in white chalk except on a blackboard,"—and here is offered the chance to compare Crèvecoeur's prose with contemporary verse:

"Let ardent heroes seek renown in arms,  
Faint after fame, and rush to war's alarms, . . .  
Mine be the pleasures of a rural life."

The thought is one phrased with much directness by Crèvecoeur. But let us quote the lines that follow the exordium:

"Me to sequestered scenes, ye muses guide,  
Where nature wantons in her virgin-pride;  
To mossy banks edg'd round with op'ning flow'rs,  
Elysian fields, and amaranthin bow'rs . . .  
Welcome ye shades! all hail, ye vernal blooms!

Ye bow'ry thickets, and prophetic glooms!  
Ye forests hail! ye solitary woods,—"

but since the "young gentleman educated at Yale College" is on the verge of rhyming "woods" and "floods," it is more kind to leave him here. He has been quoted, not to qualify for a place on Dr. Crothers's "Bookshelf of the Hundred Worst Books," but as a poet of his time and place. He had a fine eye for nature—seen through library windows. He echoed a whole line of British poets—most of them second-rate poets; echoed them atrociously. It is precisely because one finds no such "echoes" in Crèvecoeur that one may praise his spontaneity and vigor. He did not import nightingales into his America, as some of his contemporaries among the poets did. He blazed the way, rather, toward our present-day appreciation of surrounding nature—which was not banal then. It is the youthfulness of these Letters, after their century and a third of dust-gathering, that is least likely to escape us. They are, in their joy of living in a new land—in the future, as it were—fresher even than are Davis's *Travels* in their irrepressible humor. They "smell of the woods," as their author himself did not fail to observe.

#### V.

For the collector of mere facts, Crèvecoeur's work is of scarcely more consequence than Davis's—and Davis was a born romancer. Neither of these writers compares in "documentary" worth with Latrobe or Twining—curt as the latter is. For that reason I say nothing of these men's attacks upon slavery. I do not even discuss Crèvecoeur's idealistic account of Nantucket, "with the manners, customs, policy, and trade of the Inhabitants." These chapters in their works are, after all, less instructive than Twining's charitable notes upon American inns and roads and bridges, or Latrobe's upon New Orleans, the construction of the Capitol at Washington (which he completed), and so on. All these are matters for the historian. Is there not room on our reading-table for the more imaginative narrative of Davis—the more "exalted" book of the *Cultivateur*?

Early American literature is not so rich that we can afford to miss Crèvecoeur's chief performance, any more than Franklin's Autobiography. These are almost the only interesting books written in our land during the eighteenth century, and deserve good treatment. Nor is the literature of American travel rich enough to justify the neglect of the several nomads whom I have named—notably John Davis. Fortunately for the reader who means to go further in this matter, I have not presented here more than a few chance crumbs from the table that stands ready spread. Latrobe, architect and naturalist; Crèvecoeur, farmer-philosopher; Davis, man of letters; Twining, East India bureaucrat: even in the list of their varied names and trades there is a piquancy not often suggested by the backs of books. Their content is ten times better yet!

WARREN BARTON BLAKE.



## CASUAL COMMENT.

A NOTABLE TRIUMVIRATE OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS is that which includes the names of John Bigelow (who has just left us), Benjamin Franklin, and Samuel J. Tilden. Both of the latter men were objects of Mr. Bigelow's especial admiration, and to both he rendered invaluable services in writing their lives and editing their works. Without question his most valuable contribution to literature is his masterly achievement in biography, or rather in autobiography, "The Life of Benjamin Franklin Written by Himself." This triumph of editorial skill was the natural fruit of Mr. Bigelow's term as consul and afterward minister at Paris, where the trial of his distinguished predecessor in diplomacy seems from the first to have lured him to those studies of Franklin that continued thereafter one of his chief interests. It was his discovery in Paris of the original manuscript of Franklin's autobiography that mainly prompted the literary labors which were given to the world in 1874 in those three familiar volumes of the "Life of Franklin." Unpublished manuscripts, letters, printed correspondence, in fact all available sources of information, were made tributary to this authoritative account of one with whom the editor found himself so largely in sympathy, and some of whose distinguishing traits he himself has been said to possess. A certain genial largeness of nature belonged to both; both were philosophers, and both were humorists in their way, with insight into human nature and a power of apt and striking oral and written expression. Eminent public service, too, must be credited to both, and the active life of each was of unusual length and usefulness, though the eighty-four years of Franklin were exceeded by ten in Mr. Bigelow's record of longevity. The Paris studies which produced so noteworthy results in making the world better acquainted with Franklin led also to the editing of the latter's complete works in ten volumes — the now recognized standard edition of those works. Hardly second to the admiring tribute rendered by Mr. Bigelow to Franklin the statesman of the past, was his whole-souled devotion to Samuel J. Tilden, his friend and contemporary in public life, whose biography he wrote and whose speeches and other writings he edited. But a still greater service was rendered to the cause of letters when Tilden's literary executor undertook also the duties of trustee of his estate, and thus became instrumental in establishing the New York Public Library on its triple foundation, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden. Elected the first president of this library board, he held that high office until his death.

THE OUTLOOK FOR POETRY IN AMERICA appears to Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite, in his seventh annual survey of magazine verse, encouragingly good. Writing in the Boston "Transcript," he says: "That poetry is swinging back, not only artistically and ideally, but commercially, is indicated, and it

is a good sign, by the experience of one New York publisher at least, who has issued a great many books of poetry, not one of which was at the author's expense, and all of which have been successful commercially." Other signs in plenty Mr. Braithwaite finds to confirm his belief that poetry is looking up, and that better times for the poets lie ahead. He cites the publication of numerous noteworthy articles on poetry and poets in the year's magazines, besides giving the result of his examination of the poems appearing in six prominent periodicals of the same period. Also, "the Poetry Society of America has weathered through a useful first year of its existence, and is now planning for a second year of practical endeavor in throwing its influence and labors towards the circulation of poetry among the people throughout the country." A cheering indication of popular interest in poetry not noted by Mr. Braithwaite is the increasingly frequent inquiry, in the "notes and queries" department of many papers, as to the authorship of favorite old poems, the reprinting of which is also often requested. . . .

WHAT THEY ARE READING IN ATHENS in these very post-classical days seems to be partly indicated by an advertisement just now making itself conspicuous in the Greek capital, calling attention to a new series of translations from the ancient authors. A complete set of these modern Greek versions of the Greek classics may be had for the remarkably moderate sum of one hundred and twenty drachms, or somewhat less than twenty-four dollars of our money. Doubtless the volumes will not compare in elaborateness of detail with the prospective Loeb set of ancient classics, but it may be that they will be more read by the people. A correspondent writes of noting a young mechanical engineer reading the "Edipus at Colonus" in a street-car — even under the discomfort of strap-hanging with one hand while he held his book with the other.

OBSERVATIONS OF AN UNREFORMED SPELLER catch our eye in an open letter to the New York "Evening Post" from Mr. Albert J. R. Schumaker, who, apparently in facetious allusion to a recent leaflet from No. 1 Madison Avenue, gives his address as "Upland Lawn, Pa.," whither he had presumably gone to "observe how gently the sunlight [of reformed spelling] comes in the place of the receding darkness" of conventional orthography. This correspondent suggests that perhaps the present deplored discrepancy between English spelling and English pronunciation may be as much the fault of the latter as of the former, and he asks, "Why may it not best be removed by modifying that element which admittedly is least resistant to change?" This uniformity in pronunciation, he holds, "is for many reasons a primary desideratum, and, when attained, little will be heard about phonetic spelling." Anything like fixity, however, either in pronunciation or in spelling, is not to be expected in a living lan-

guage, though we might well give heed to Mr. Henry James's admonition of a few years ago and pay greater attention to orthoëpy. Just at present it may afford entertainment to quote a news paragraph of the day: "In North Carolina an enraged citizen shot a neighbor through the breast, inflicting a wound which resulted in the latter's death and his own arrest for murder. A short time later, however, he was released from custody. In the indictment, the clerk had spelled breast as 'b-r-e-s-t.' The court held that the misspelled indictment was not legal, and freed the prisoner" — there being no such part as "brest" known to human anatomy. Probably a shot in the "hed" or "nek" would likewise have fallen outside judicial cognizance in this orthographically unreformed court. A pathetic New Year's card now before us exhorts to "let every noble thot have expression"; an appeal likely to come with lessened force to those who were not "cot" young enough to be "tot" to profit by or to be "wrot" upon by counsels couched in that peculiar form. . . .

CULTURE FOR A WHOLE COMMONWEALTH, and that commonwealth Minnesota, is the ideal cherished by the new head of the State University at Minneapolis. "I want to see the entire University merged into one great extension department," says Dr. Vincent, "to teach the principles of agriculture, engineering, political science, economics, history, and languages. . . . Why should we not take our University into the country districts and maintain a Chautauqua at various points in the State? We could call them university weeks. . . . We could have an extension circuit of six towns in one community and travel between them in motor cars. . . . These lectures could be given in the day. In the evening we could give our dramatic clubs, our glee clubs and orchestra to supply the music, and give Shakespearian plays. We would take demonstration tents, as is the custom at the county fairs, to show various agricultural and industrial exhibits. We would take with us a model house — its rooms furnished by home economic experts. With this there would be demonstrations in cooking." Truly, the educational world moves. There was a time, within the memory of men still living, when the most promising son of a well-ordered family was sent, with prayers and tears and hopes, to the college of his father and grandfather, to fit himself for a learned profession, while those at home watched his progress in breathless interest. Now it is proposed that the university shall come to the whole family, and to every family, and turn the whole commonwealth into an aristocracy of culture — or should we say a democracy of culture? . . .

MRS. KATE GANNETT WELLS, great-granddaughter of President Ezra Stiles of Yale, and daughter of the Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, D.D. (long minister of the Arlington Street Church in Boston, where he succeeded William Ellery Channing), died suddenly, at the age of seventy-three, at her Boston home

on the thirteenth of December. Though known in periodical and book literature as Kate Gannett Wells (author of "In the Clearings," "Miss Curtis," "Two Modern Women," "Little Dick's Son," and a collection of essays entitled "About People"), the full name of this veteran worker in many worthy causes, educational and religious, was Catherine Boott Gannett Wells. In 1863 she married Samuel Wells, a prominent Boston lawyer whose name is associated with many scientific and philanthropic societies, but her own work in the world was carried on with the vigor and independence of one unfettered by matrimonial ties. For almost a quarter of a century she served on the State Board of Education, interesting herself especially in art education, and being instrumental in starting the Massachusetts Normal Art School. Her pen was a busy one amid her other activities; and she wrote especially on subjects connected with those activities, though, as her list of books shows, she was not unendowed with creative imagination. A familiar figure on the platform and a leader in numerous good causes, she leaves many to lament her death.

A FRENCH TRIBUTE TO DICKENS, at this time when all the English-speaking world is preparing to celebrate his centennial, has a certain special significance. A new dramatization, or stage adaptation, of "David Copperfield," from the hand of M. Max Maurey, has been playing at the Odéon in Paris, and has met with popular favor even without having to resort to the familiar French device of caricaturing John Bull. The play, while taking certain liberties with the letter of its original, seems to have caught a good deal of the spirit of Dickens even in its foreign dress. It produced a Micawber, at any rate, that gave great satisfaction — though whether Dickens himself would have recognized him may be somewhat doubtful. At the same time with this more ambitious undertaking at the Odéon there has been given at a humbler playhouse a moving-picture representation of various comical scenes from "Pickwick," which one may safely infer to have vastly delighted the groundlings. There is no denying the universality and the immortality of Dickens's human appeal.

THE RATING OF FIRST EDITIONS OF "R. L. S." has notably risen since the time when Mr. Charles Harrison, a London publisher who now retires after fourteen years of service with Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., and twenty-one with Messrs. Newnes, disposed of some of Stevenson's early works as "remainders" — his "Virginibus Puerisque," "Travels with a Donkey," and "An Inland Voyage" going for ten pence apiece in the original editions that to-day command five and six pounds each. What form of investment, if one but had the requisite foresight in book values, could be more profitable than the purchase of about-to-be-valuable first editions of current works? But we have to admit, after the manner of Duncan, there's no art to find the book's ultimate commercial value in its contents.

### The New Books.

#### THE LEGACY OF WILLIAM JAMES.\*

Two volumes by William James have appeared since the remarkable man who bore the name has passed away. "Some Problems of Philosophy" is printed from an unfinished manuscript as "a beginning of an introduction to philosophy," and is addressed to the student and the general reader — the latter in respect to the writings of James neither an inconsiderable nor a perfunctory public. "Memories and Studies" collects the addresses, essays, and occasional papers of recent years, for the most part addressed to a larger circle responsive to the vigor of his thought, the charm of his words. Together they constitute a legacy valuable in its own right, enhanced in value by a sense of momentous loss. Professor Royce places William James along with Jonathan Edwards and Ralph Waldo Emerson as the three, "and only three," representative American philosophers, and accords to James "a more extended range of present influence than Emerson has ever possessed." The Americanism of James combined a pioneering freshness of view, a command of self-made power, with a democratic sympathy of insight that won the respect of foreign scholarship of whatever persuasion, and gained him a loyal following at home. And yet he sowed and reaped in pastures old which he made to appear new with the promise of an added richness of harvest. Whatever the final value of his constructive contributions may prove to be, his reconstruction of problems to meet the needs and guide the interests of his generation give him the place of a distinguished leader of the thoughts of thoughtful men.

James the philosopher and James the humanist appear effectively in the present volumes; and there is nothing more characteristically Jamesian than the determination and the power to make philosophy human, to divest it of "dry dogmatic ways." No teacher of philosophy can spend the first hour of his course more profitably than by reading to his students the opening chapter of the "Problems," entitled "Philosophy and its Critics": "At a technical school a man may grow into a first-rate instrument for doing a certain job, and he may miss all the graciousness of mind suggested by the term liberal culture."

\* WILLIAM JAMES, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Josiah Royce. New York: The Macmillan Co.

SOME PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

MEMORIES AND STUDIES. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The mind of philosophy "is full of air that plays round every subject." It rouses from "native dogmatic slumber," and breaks up "caked prejudices." It has always been "a sort of fecundation of four different human interests, science, poetry, religion, and logic, by one another." "A man with no philosophy in him is the most inauspicious and unprofitable of all possible social mates." The questioning of the value of the discipline is familiar; it twits the philosopher with being like a "blind man in a dark room looking for a black cat that is not there." Though pertinent as a warning, the taunt is beside the mark as a criticism; for the problems are insistent, and leave the alternative of a shallow satisfaction or a deeper one. "Philosophy in the full sense is only *man thinking*," and projects and reflects the nature and history of humanity as does no other occupation. It has its dramatic aspects, and makes the step from the primitive medicine-man working a charm upon the hair of an enemy, to the spirit and equipment of the modern laboratory, a triumph of sound thinking sustained by insight nurtured in philosophy. The modern world is even more a way of thinking than a way of living. The real issue has come to divide men according as they hold the cumulative philosophic impulse of the past to be adequate for immediate and future needs, or hold the fresh philosophic interpretation to be an indispensable support of intellectual progress. Among the philosophers, the equally significant choice extends to the treatment of the problems that are held to be decisive and vital; and if we follow James, in this domain temperament as well as logical perspective asserts itself, and there emerges the classic academic rationalist striving for a closed system with abstract thought enthroned and its mandates realized in the world conceptually conceived, or the romantic empiricist emphasizing the vastness and richness of perceptual experience, and building of it and upon it a clue map of the mind's domain.

As the "beginning of an introduction to philosophy," this overture may suffice to suggest the approach to the theme and the treatment of its problems. The problem of "the percept and the concept," together with the resulting problem of the "one and the many" as the pattern of the world's reality, — prone as it is to invite dialectic subtlety and a confusion of solids with shadows, — is far more than a teething-ring for students or a sophistic puzzle for maturer wits. Its solution, however provisional, sets the trend of the pursuit, determines the position from which the world will be posed. For James, the



solvent application is the pragmatic criterion — the test of all our perplex considerations as meaning and functional workability; and in his architectural scheme, which incomplete "is too much like an arch built only on one side," it is this feature that shapes the design, the spring, and the form of the arch. Hardly secondary to these problems is the problem of novelty, the issue of determinism, the struggle for a rational view of causation. World-old questions these, but yet differently significant to the modern situation rendered in a revised version; fortunate the age whose students may take their excursion into these fields, personally conducted by the quality of leadership possessed by William James.

Among the notable qualities of James's writings was his ability to state the other side of the case. He never set up men of straw; controversy was a means of clarification. He had large intellectual sympathies, and free ones, unrestrained by convention. It is natural to find him an adept in psychological portraiture. In this there is a touch of the Rembrandtesque, revealing in a pragmatic way not a faithful assemblage of features, but in a contrasted flash of high light and deep background what the man or the occasion meant. As is true of Rembrandt, the acknowledged great and the significant in humbler types of humanity received like treatment at his hands. In the "Memories and Studies," along with studies of Emerson and Agassiz and Spencer, appear names which, like the more obscure of Rembrandt's sitters, will carry a vivid impression to later generations, because they were set down in the pen-strokes of James. James summed up the purpose of a college education as that of helping you "to know a good man when you see him." He practiced what he preached; but of those who might follow him modestly in detection of significance, few could hope to share his remarkable gift of rendering, which was not a trick of technique but a quality of inner enlightenment — a contradictory esoteric revelation, in that once articulate it seemed familiar, intelligible, and commendable.

This emphasis of significance was deliberate. In speaking of Emerson, he called him "a fastidious lover of significance and distinction," whose optimism was not "an indiscriminate hurrahing for the universe." In no less loyal a vein he speaks of his friend Francis Boot, a character healthy and definite, and true to itself. "When a carpenter has a surface to measure, he slides his rule along it, and over all its peculiarities. I sometimes think of Boot as such a

standard rule against which the changing fashions of humanity of the last century might come to measurement." The mood is at its happiest in doing honor to the memory of "a knight-errant of the intellectual life," "a leveller upward of men" — Thomas Davidson. It is presumably of Davidson that he is thinking when he deplores the blighting conventionality of the academic life, and reminds the men of Harvard that "our undisciplinables are our proudest product." "The memory of Davidson will always strengthen my faith in personal freedom and its spontaneities, and make me less unqualifiedly respectful than ever of 'Civilization' with its herding and branding, licensing and degreiving, authorizing and appointing, and in general regulating and administering by system the lives of human beings." "The best commonwealth will always be the one that most cherishes the men who represent the residual interests, the one that leaves the largest scope to their peculiarities." It is this romantic admiration of the romantic that gave the zest to the sincere admiration for the work of Frederic Myers in the obscure mazes of "psychical research." The classic-academic psychologist insists on neatly assembled facts, which he can safely "tuck in" under his system; he disports himself on "a sun-lit terrace," and declines an excursion into the shrubbery beyond. It is when "the nobler simplicities" pale, that the jungle invites. Even the critics, he contends, those who find the thought of Myers extravagant and his lead false, no less than the subject of their criticism, "obey the dramatic possibilities" of their temperament, express their personal equation in terms of "the will to believe." In the didactic vein — rarer in James — the thesis becomes a plea for the recognition of superiority, as the sense for superiority should be the hall-mark of the cultivated college-bred. If that fails, all is failure. "To have spent one's youth at college, in contact with the choice and rare and precious, and yet still to be a blind prig or vulgarian, unable to scent out human excellence or to divine it amid its accidents, to know it only when ticketed and labelled and forced on us by others, this indeed should be accounted the very calamity and shipwreck of a higher education." The college will come to its own only when the college tone will have "the highest spreading power"; its mission, so inadequately served, is to raise the tone of democracy. By this test of the quality which it furthers and cherishes will democracy be judged. The wealth of nations consists "in the number of superior men that it harbors."

"Where quality is the thing sought after, the thing of supreme quality is cheap, whatever the price one has to pay for it."

There is no uncertainty in the tone of James's protagonism or of his protest. Perhaps to one of his temperament, the most trying assignment was the handling of an unsympathetic subject. He had such in his review of Herbert Spencer, which is merciless in its fairness. "Greatness and smallness never lived so closely in one skin together." "Rarely has Nature performed an odder or more Dickens-like feat than when she deliberately designed, or accidentally stumbled into, the personality of Herbert Spencer." Consider the reach and spread of his works, his wide curiosities, his erudition, his devotion to lofty purpose, and we conjure up a "rich and exuberant human being"; what we find is "an old-maidish personage, inhabiting boarding-houses, equable and lukewarm in all his tastes and passions"; "a stickler for trifles, devoid in youth of any wide designs on life"; giving one "a queer sense of having no emotional perspective"; in contrast to other minds, minds of comparable achievement, lacking wholly "a background of overflowing mental temptations." Apparently he sought a field where "remorseless explicitness," "pedantic rectitude," the treating of the smallest thing by abstract law, a "sleuth-hound scent for what he was after," "untiring pertinacity," would all be merits,—and by good fortune he found it. Despite James's conclusion that the "First Principles" is "almost a museum of blundering reason," the verdict maintains the quality of justice, and the picture of the greatness finds no less convincing delineation than that of the smallness of the man.

A like catholicity pervades James's treatment of occasions. He spoke as naturally, as convincingly, in dedicating the "Shaw Memorial" to valiant soldiers as in proclaiming the higher obligations of peace. He could characterize war as "absurd and impossible from its own monstrosity," and as "the final banquet of life's fireworks." "War is human nature at its uttermost. We are here to do our uttermost. It is a sacrament. Society would rot without the mystical blood payment." But the balance of judgment is definite, and the direction of effort pragmatic. Demonstrate more largely, more prudently, more reasonably, the equal bigness of peace. Whether the "moral equivalent for war" proposed by James—the enlistment of young men in the war against nature—proves itself practicable or not, the advocacy of war can no longer ignore the chal-

lenge of its inevitability. But James was not a publicist, though interested in large causes presenting issues of principle. He was a philosopher. As Professor Royce observes, it is the business of a philosopher to know us better than we know ourselves; and he was able to bring that knowledge of us back to us, profitably and acceptably. As James says of Davidson, so it may be said of him, that he taught, but never lectured.

James the humanist and James the philosopher are of a nature all compact. To him in life and in philosophy the individual was the affair of moment; life was manifold and criss-cross; problems were of like texture and were made simple only by divesting them of their vital fringes. Organization was a device, an instrument; the value lay in the organism and its expression. What society may do for life, the philosophic ordering of thought may accomplish for the mental striving. "Surely the individual, the person in the singular number, is the more fundamental phenomenon, and the social institution, of whatever grade, is but secondary and ministerial." Likewise, abstractions, the logical reconstruction of the universe in the interests of intelligibility, are "secondary and ministerial." And such ministry harks back to human needs as alike a source and issue. Philosophy has "sought by hard reasoning for results emotionally valuable." The humanist persists in the philosopher.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

#### WORDSWORTH ANATOMIZED.\*

The Concordance Society, which was organized at Yale University in 1906, and which in 1908 issued Dr. A. S. Cook's concordance to the poems of Thomas Gray, has now to its credit a second and much more imposing volume. With a concordance to Wordsworth to set by the side of those to the Bible, Shakespeare, Kyd, Milton, Pope, Gray, Burns, and Shelley, and with the knowledge that Dr. Flügel's great Chaucer Dictionary is going steadily forward, our equipment in this kind is beginning to assume quite respectable proportions. The experience of the society has shown that there is no serious obstacle to getting concordances made, but the expense of printing remains a real deterrent. The society is not rich enough to furnish more than a portion of the necessary guarantee; and the

\* A CONCORDANCE TO THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Edited for the Concordance Society by Lane Cooper. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

present volume owes its publication in part to the generosity of the mother and brothers of the editor. Cannot some patron of learning be found who will at one stroke make it possible to round out our collection with concordances, let us say, to Spenser, Bacon, Jonson, Dryden, Browning, and Tennyson?

This latest addition is an ample quarto of 1186 double-column pages, a hundred lines to the column, comprising about 211,000 quotations. It is pleasingly printed, and very similar in general appearance to the Bartlett Concordance to Shakespeare. It differs somewhat from the liberal plan of the latter in quoting, not rhetorically complete clauses, but simply the line of verse in which each word occurs. The result is sometimes unsatisfactory; but when one considers the initial ease of mechanically excerpting such lines for the printer, making transcription unnecessary, and the very great difficulty of abridging Wordsworth's involved periods, the plan will probably be approved. Moreover, reference to the poems themselves is much facilitated by giving not only the title and line-number of each, but also the page-number of the Oxford Wordsworth, the basic text. All unlisted and partly listed words are entered in their places, duly labelled. One is pleased to note, too, a sign of scholarly thoroughness in the presence of cross-references, as from *stone* to *corner-stone*, *mile-stone*, etc. The absence of these is a serious defect in the Bartlett Shakespeare Concordance, where, for example, one gets no clue from *knotted* to *curiously-knotted*, nor from *flouting* to *elouting-stog*. Unfortunately there is a defect of another kind in Bartlett that reappears here. Homographs are seldom separated. The *rose* that is merely a preterit of *rise*, and the *rose* that by no other name may smell as sweet, are almost inextricably intertwined—quite so when the line of verse does not positively tell which rose it is. One must scan scores of quotations to discover whether the poet has ever used *keep* as a noun or *brook* as a verb. Uncertainty is added to vexation when sacred *Art* is found elbowed at intervals by a little copulative verb and the whole labelled "partial list." The editor pleads that his function is not a lexical one. But to have made these obvious distinctions in a few homographs of frequent occurrence, as Reid did in his concordance to Burns, would have been no trespass upon lexicography. In some instances there appears to have been an undue concern for completeness. Is anything gained by citing, from such a poem as "The Idiot Boy," every line containing the frequently

recurring names of *Susan Gale* and *Betty Foy*? The monotonous iteration of the name of *Peter Bell* occupies fully a column, much to the disparagement of both Peter the saint and Adam Bell the archer. The first personal pronoun being made an exception to the general omission of pronouns, *I*, with a "partial list," occupies six pages (1200 quotations), while *me*, *my*, and *mine* take six more. The reason assigned for the inclusion is that these pronouns "are of unusual interest in a subjective poet." On the contrary, these inevitable pronouns are in themselves of no interest in a subjective poet—of no more interest than the name of *Peter Bell* in the poem of "Peter Bell"—though in an essentially narrative or dramatic poet they might have great interest. But this is not a vital matter. Apart from the treatment of homographs, it is impossible to find serious fault with the volume, and Professor Cooper and his collaborators deserve the warmest praise.

Such a compilation naturally invites calculations and comparisons. A rough estimate of Wordsworth's poetical vocabulary, omitting proper names and inflectional forms, shows it to comprise upwards of 10,000 words. The following comparative table, of root-words only, may be instructive.

SHAKESPEARE	MILTON	WORDSWORTH
gabble	gabble	gabble
gaberline		
gad (noun)		
gadding	gadding	gadding
gag		
gage		gage
(gay)	(gay)	gaily
gain	gain	gain
gainsay	gainsay	gainsay
gait	gait	gait
	galaxy	galaxy
gale	gale	gale
gall		gall
gallant		gallant
gallery		gallery
galley		galley
galliard		
gallias		
gallimaufry		
gallon		
gallop		gallop
gallowglasses		
gallows		gallows

Here, quite apart from differences in bulk of writing, is interesting testimony to the comparatively unlimited scope enjoyed by a great dramatist, which is such that even an eclectic poet like Wordsworth cannot approach it. If we take Wordsworth's words in the order of their frequency, we find *love* leading with some 1200 instances; but the word chances to be both noun



and verb, and the plan of the concordance does not enable us to separate the two functions. *See* and *sight* together yield 1400; *think* and *thought* 1000. Of substantives, *heart* stands first, with about 1150 occurrences; *man* (with *men*) gives about 1100; *day*, 900; *life*, 700; *eye*, 700 (there is but one *nose*, and that belongs to a hound); *heaven*, 650; *nature*, 600. All of which, perhaps, is sufficiently obvious. A poet, like other men, is most indebted to his eyes, and still more than other men speaks from and to the heart. And the most superficial acquaintance with Wordsworth suffices to show that intense delight in all that meets the eye, sympathy with nature, and love in the heart of man, are the axes upon which his poetry revolves. It is not easy to classify natural objects in the order of his interest, but the earth appears to come first, with its hills and valleys; next, the sky, with its varying phenomena; while flowers, trees, and birds follow. Perhaps this placing before animate nature that which is ordinarily regarded as inanimate is not without significance. In particular, Wordsworth's eye for the larger features of landscape is well attested by some of the finest passages in "The Prelude" and "The Excursion." Herein he differs considerably from Keats and Tennyson, who took delight in detail and are rich in "botanical circumstance." Tennyson's flora contains 220 names from the plant-world (Shakespeare has 150). Wordsworth cannot have more than half this number. For example, while both have *barley*, *bay*, *beech*, etc., Tennyson alone has *bamboo*, *bean*, *black-thorn*, *bluebell*, *bluebottle*, *bracken*, *briony*, *bulrush*, *burdock*. The only plant found in Wordsworth from *a* to *d* which is not in Tennyson is the *buttercup*. He has no *anemone*, no *clematis*, no *mistletoe*; even the *daffodil*, so memorably associated with his name, occurs but three times (in two poems), as against seven times in the later poet. There are no *rose-leaves*, no unmetaphorical *rose-buds*, and but a single glimpse of *petals*. For gleanings of this sort, his sister Dorothy's journal affords a much richer field.

Books, we know, held but a secondary place in Wordsworth's scheme of human education. Yet he read much, and it would be difficult to find a more generous tribute to the "consecrated works of Bard and Sage" than the benediction pronounced upon them in the fifth book of "The Prelude." Enshrined in his poems are the names of Homer, Plato, Horace, Virgil, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Camoens, and Cervantes. Except Voltaire, there seems to be no French or Ger-

man name. He was familiar with the doctrines of Rousseau, but much further from agreeing with them than might be supposed; with Goethe he was quite out of sympathy. He had early come to the conviction that he should keep the four major English poets continually before him as examples, and we find them all mentioned, with a frequency in the inverse order of their time—Milton fifteen, Shakespeare ten, Spenser six, Chaucer four times. Burns, whom he placed second to Chaucer in "the natural and sensual school," is found five times. Pope is not mentioned, though Gray, Goldsmith, and Chatterton are. His own name occurs twice, and Coleridge's three times, but the latter was very often addressed simply as "Friend." Scott, Southey, Lamb, and Crabbe are also named. Byron, who ridiculed him, Shelley, who burlesqued his poetry and reproached him for his social apostasy, and Keats, who paid him a youthful but sincere tribute, are passed over in silence.

Naturally, the vocabulary of one who held a pronounced theory of poetic diction is invested with exceptional interest. We have come now to a better understanding of that theory than when we accepted Coleridge's too narrow view of it. We know that when Wordsworth contended for "language really used by men" he was only revolting from poetic artificiality, and had no intention of descending always to the level of rustic speech. That might be done, or it might not be done; only let the language remain the natural expression of the thought behind it. This view is fully borne out by the concordance. From merely glancing through it, one gains the general impression that, for the particular (undramatic) range of Wordsworth's verse, his vocabulary is extremely apt—natural, rational, broadly eclectic, and satisfying. Exclusive of specialized activities, and of some of the more comic or vulgar aspects of life, he covered pretty much the whole human field. We are too prone to think of him as exclusively the poet of his rustic environment. His youth was rich in human experience; and never, even in his retirement, did he cease to survey mankind from China to Peru, or to draw into his world of nature the world of books and men. On the same pages that glow with hosts of clouds or of golden daffodils, are echoes of the trampling hosts of the French Revolution. Empires and republics, lawyers and judges, arguments and appeals, churches, theatres, factories, merchants, mountebanks, "chattering monkeys dangling from their poles, and children whirling in their roundabouts," enter with freedom into

the verse. And each of these things is unobtrusively designated by its rightful name. The language never descends quite as low as Burns's, nor rises quite as high as Shelley's; but it approaches both, and its range is greater than that of either. We may look in vain for "Auld Cloutie" and the "whisky gills" and "swaggering blades" that belonged to what Matthew Arnold characterized as the "sordid world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners." But, what with horn tobacco-boxes, and flannels, and cloaks of duffle grey, we are introduced into a world as humble, if not as coarse. Indeed, we narrowly escape the coarseness. "But I will *bang* your bones!" says Peter Bell to the Ass, in the first edition of that poem (compare Burns: "An' I shall bang your hide, guidman"); but the phrase was, however reluctantly, excised, and this concordance is innocent of it, — as it is likewise innocent of that ghastly punch-sipping, tea-sipping "party in a parlour, Crammed just as they on earth were crammed." On the other hand, the full radiance and resonance of Shelley's vocabulary are beyond Wordsworth's reach. This should go without saying: *shepherded, legioned, hyaline, enanguished, rose-ensanguined, star-inwoven, whirlwind-peopled, lightning-braided*, — these are native to but one poet in the language. But though this diction was not native to Wordsworth's genius, and though he would never have deliberately sought for intrinsically "poetic" words, — as Rossetti for instance is known to have done, — he was manifestly neither insensible nor hostile to them. He would not go out of his way for such words as *argent, aureate, damask, madrigal, nectar*, and, as a matter of fact, he has none of these; yet he has words of the same class — *orient, aerial, diadem, amaranthine, sylvan* — together with now and then such arresting vocables as *diaphanous, prelibations, lacrymals, barricadoed*. The presence of these, in however small numbers, proves the point for his eclectic vocabulary, and confirms, moreover, his statement that he had from a very early age found words "sweet for their own sakes, a passion, and a power."

It is true, the eighteenth century diction still lingered with him, contributing some stiffness to the general texture. The century itself he quite left behind, and one who desires an object-lesson need but place the concordances to Pope and Wordsworth side by side. Pope's two columns of "wit" shrink to only a fifth of a column in the four times more bulky volume, while his single "cottage" is multiplied by a hundred.

Critics, courtiers, and Cupids almost disappear. Doris and Chloe give way to Mary and Lucy. Sympathy finds a place among human affections, and tranquillity among human blessings. At the same time, old traces persist, and not altogether in the early poems. We still hear much of Fancy, and more of Poesy than poetry. The air is still sometimes the æther, and the ocean the brine. There are occasional ambient streams and glassy floods, scaly tribes and feathered kinds, and the sportsman's gun has only partly displaced the thundering tube. Yet in the main this element is negligible, or abundantly compensated for by such happier reminiscences as Spenser's "budded brooms" and Milton's "gadding vine." More often still, Wordsworth is entirely true to himself; and when the spirit at its divinest descends upon him, he is unexcelled by any poet in his power to blend words, thought, and imagery into one perfect music:

"A thought is with me sometimes, and I say, —  
Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes  
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch  
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up  
Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,  
Yet would the living Presence still subsist  
Victorious, and composure would ensue,  
And kindlings like the morning — presage sure  
Of day returning and of life revived."

The quotation brings with it a kind of rebuke for the triviality of the divagations into which we have been led — a rebuke that seems to go back to the concordance itself, prompting the old question, *Cui bono?* Was it really worth the labor to tear asunder this living tissue, and reassemble, in alphabetical unreason, the dead remains? "A subterraneous magazine of bones"! With what emotions would Wordsworth himself have contemplated these *disjecta membra* of what is perhaps the most indissolubly organic body of verse the language possesses? We cannot answer. But there is reassurance in the thought that the very organic quality of his work gives the concordance one of its best excuses for being. Now, thanks to the unselfish zeal of the compilers, we shall be able to read more clearly than heretofore the message which that great and "dedicated Spirit" labored so unremittingly to leave.

ALPHONSO GERALD NEWCOMER.

THE French and English Dictionary compiled by John Bellows, and now revised and enlarged by his son, Mr. William Bellows, with the collaboration of MM. Marrot and Friteau, is a volume of moderate size which has for its distinguishing feature the grouping of the French-English and English-French vocabularies upon the same page. There are also ingenious typographical devices for helping the student.

## THE AUTHOR OF "CRANFORD."

A little more than a year ago occurred the centenary of the author of "Cranford"—for it is inevitable that as the author of "Cranford" Elizabeth Gaskell will be remembered, notwithstanding her other substantial contributions to literature in the way of novels, tales, and biography. A handsome volume, richly illustrated and cleverly planned, comes to us now as one of the after-fruits of the anniversary. No formal biography of Mrs. Gaskell has ever been produced; and although one or two biographies have been promised, it is hardly probable that such a work will soon appear. It was Mrs. Gaskell's earnest wish that her life should not be written or her letters published; and her daughters, who were her literary executors, have sacredly regarded their mother's wish. But Mrs. Chadwick, the author of this very interesting book, has utilized material unconsciously supplied by the novelist herself.

Mrs. Gaskell, it seems, made constant use of facts that, at one time or another, had occurred in her own experience, and in portraying the characters that figure in her stories she drew frequently from real personalities around her. Many of her relatives were more or less eccentric, or, as we say, "original," and the novelist, who was a keen observer of persons, delighting in the discovery of idiosyncracies and amusing twists of temperament, reflected these quite innocently in her narratives. She was, in fact, usually surprised when the similitude was pointed out.

"My mother never meant to put real people into her stories," writes one of Mrs. Gaskell's daughters, "but even her children would sometimes recognize the characters and say, 'Oh! So-and-so is just like Mr. Blank,' and she would reply, 'So he is, but I never meant it for him.'"

This tendency to reproduce actual facts and real personalities in her novels, and also the habit of describing under fictitious names the places with which she was associated, make her narratives an interesting field of study in the search for further knowledge concerning their author; and this field has been carefully gleaned by Mrs. Chadwick. Thus, we are told that in "Cousin Phillis" we have the love-story of Mrs. Gaskell's parents; the heroine, in essential features, portraying the mother whom she knew only by an-

other's word. In the novel "Mary Barton," she describes the taking of an orphan babe by a long and wearisome stage-coach journey from London to Manchester,—which is an incident in her own life-story, for, when one year old, she was herself thus taken over the same route. "My Lady Ludlow" embodies the experiences of her two years' residence in the private school at Stratford, the author figuring in the story as Margaret Dawson. Another of Mrs. Gaskell's characters may be identified as a portrait of herself, and this is Margaret Hale, in "North and South." The character of William Hale in this same novel is obviously suggested by her father, William Stevenson. It has not been generally known that the character of Roger Hamley is a portraiture of the scientist Charles Darwin, to whom Mrs. Gaskell was distantly related. "Cranford," of course, is rich in material drawn directly from life. Captain Brown, Thomas Holbrook, the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson and Mrs. Fitz Adam were well-known residents in the little community that was described under the name of Cranford. Miss Jenkyns (Deborah) and Miss Matty were cousins of the novelist. The original of Deborah died in 1883 (she was born in 1800), and Miss Matty's prototype survived until 1887, reaching the age of eighty-five. The famous sedan chair is still in existence, and is used on certain festive occasions. Betsy Barker's cow, clad in dark grey flannel, lives yet in tradition; and so does the cat that swallowed the lace.

While many of these allusions have long since been explained, particularly those that occur in "Cranford," many new identifications are here presented; and those who have read and admired the works of Mrs. Gaskell will find the scant biographical narrative hitherto available now amplified and illuminated with characters and scenes that add much to its vividness and not a little to its details.

When William Stevenson, the scholarly contributor to encyclopædias and reviews, living in Chelsea, bereft of his wife, contemplated the problem how best to provide for the care and comfort of an infant daughter hardly a year old, it was a happy solution that consigned the motherless babe to an aunt in the rural town of Knutsford in Cheshire. A happy solution it was for the child who thus came to pass the years of her girlhood in an atmosphere of affection, in the midst of a harmonious and peaceful community characterized by quaint customs and habits amiably peculiar; it was also a happy chance for many a future reader whose heart has been

\*MRS. GASKELL: HAUNTS, HOMES, AND STORIES. By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.



warmed by the genial glow of those early years, as he has found it reflected in the graceful sketches of "Cranford."

"My dear adopted native town," she calls it many years later; and it was that indeed to Elizabeth Stevenson. Her mother was born on a near-by farm, and this mother's sister, kindly Mrs. Lumb, now became the only mother that Elizabeth ever knew. In six of her stories, Mrs. Gaskell introduces Knutsford as the scene of the narrative — disguising, of course, the name. It is, however, the classic "Cranford" that constitutes the epic of this famous little town. Here we feel the atmosphere of peaceful, leisurely quiet that brooded over this typical English village a hundred years ago; here we meet the simple-minded characters that composed its society, absorbed in their small round of commonplace events: their formal calls, their card-parties, and their teas — a round of trivialities amid which the announcement of an engagement is as startling as the explosion of a bomb. "'Marry!'" said Miss Matty once again. 'Well! I never thought of it. Two people that we know going to be married. It's coming very near.'" Here too we see them bravely practicing their "elegant economies"; very strict in their reverence for etiquette, innocently greedy of gossip, and withal thoroughly human in their joys and griefs.

In 1832 Elizabeth Stevenson was married to the Rev. William Gaskell, a young Unitarian minister in Manchester, the neighboring city — Drumble, as it is called in "Cranford." The marriage was solemnized in Knutsford Church; and the dwellers in the town united to make this a gala occasion. The married life of the Gaskells was ideally happy. The husband's tastes were those of his wife; deeply interested in her literary success, he stimulated and encouraged her every effort.

It was, however, a very busy life on which the young bride entered, and it was ten years or more before her career as a writer began. Both husband and wife were sincerely interested in the welfare of the people about them. Quick and tender in her sympathies, Mrs. Gaskell at once assumed her share of the obligations that fall to the lot of a devoted minister and his wife. She organized a sewing class among the working girls who met every Saturday evening in the minister's house. When they were ill she visited and nursed them; more than once she received such patients into her own home that they might have proper food and care. With gentle man-

ner and kindly tact she constantly tried to lead them into ways of improvement morally and mentally.

The first novel, "Mary Barton," grew out of the life that surrounded the Gaskells. It was a realistic study of the industrial situation in Manchester, and portrayed the condition of the operatives in the mills during that disastrous period known in England as "the hungry forties." The story brought a plea for patience with the poor. This novel provoked not a little criticism, but the power of the narrative was quickly recognized and praised by many readers, among whom were Charlotte Brontë and Charles Dickens. In 1850 Dickens invited the author of "Mary Barton" to become a contributor to the magazine "Household Words," which he was then projecting; and to the first number of that publication Mrs. Gaskell contributed the short story "Lizzie Leigh." The first instalment of "Cranford" appeared in the same magazine in December, 1851. This work was not planned as a novel, and owed its continuance to the popularity of the opening sketch. In this manner the successive sketches appeared under titles like "Our Society at Cranford," "A Love Affair at Cranford," "The Great Panic at Cranford," etc. This fact explains the rather loose connection of the narratives and the lack of organic structure that is demanded in a novel; but the peculiarity in composition has taken nothing from the charm of the work. Who ever read "Cranford" without delight? and who that reads at all has not read this little masterpiece of humor and pathos?

The earlier writings of Mrs. Gaskell, with the exception of "Cranford," deal mainly with the simple and often tragic annals of the poor. The moral trials of her lowly characters, accentuated and intensified by the severe conditions of their life, stirred her heart profoundly. There is of necessity a large measure of sadness and shadow in these tales. In her later stories, notably in "Cousin Phillis" and "Wives and Daughters," the novelist enters a sunnier field of fiction; the atmosphere is bright and cheerful. Overshadowed by the genius of more famous novelists, the talents and achievements of the author of "Cranford" have possibly been underestimated in the past; but the interest shown in the recent anniversary of her birth, and the appearance of the notable volume here reviewed, are evidence of Elizabeth Gaskell's enduring hold upon the affection of readers of to-day.

W. E. SIMONDS.

"THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE."\*

"Never in all the world's history was there such a leap of civilization as in Greece of the fifth century. In one town of about thirty thousand citizens during the lifetime of a man and his father these things occurred: A world-conquering power was shattered forever, a naval empire was built up, the drama was developed to full stature, sculpture grew from crude infancy to a height it has never yet surpassed, painting became a fine art, architecture rose from clumsiness to the limit of its possibilities in one direction, history was consummated as a scientific art, the most influential of philosophies was begotten. And all this under no fostering despot, but in the extreme human limit of liberty, equality, and fraternity. One Athenian family might have known Miltiades, Themistocles, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Socrates, Pheidias, Pericles, Anaxagoras, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Polygnatus, and Ictinus."

Such was the Grand Century, concerning the significance of which so many men whose acquaintance with the Greek language is nothing, and whose knowledge of history begins with the day before yesterday, are wont to be skeptical. If the true test of a State is the number of men and movements it produces that enjoy enduring fame and influence, Athens, with her little citizenship of a score and a half of thousands, was a far more significant factor in human progress than any capital of modern times. Before concluding that the importance of Hellenic culture has been exaggerated, the practically educated (or uneducated) metropolitan boaster should stop and count up the men of his own city's history who are likely to be remembered for twenty-five hundred years; or he should take some pains to ascertain what would be left of the fabric of modern civilization if the Greek strands were drawn out of it.

"The Glory That Was Greece" is an admirable performance, and both scholar and general reader will be thankful for it, and will look forward with pleasant anticipation to "The Grandeur That Was Rome," which is promised for next year. Mr. Stobart's enumeration, in the above quoted paragraph, of the features which distinguished the life of Periclean times is indicative of his method. His chapters are composed of successions of short essays whose total result is to afford the reader a survey of each period—Ægean, Heroic, Transitional, Grand Century, Fourth Century, Macedonian—from every important angle. The Grand Century chapter is of course the nucleus of the book. The abundant and really fine full-page cuts which illustrate but

\*THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE. A Survey of Hellenic Culture and Civilization. By J. C. Stobart, M.A., Late Lecturer in History, Trinity College, Cambridge. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

do not dominate the subject-matter are as comprehensive as the text itself. Landscape, architecture, sculpture, vases, and painting, are all generously represented. Greek literature, too, is called upon to contribute the rare light and grace of which it is capable. The book is in the nature of anthology and art collection all in one.

Mr. Stobart's work may be further described as one of the products of mitigated specialization for which the world has of late been crying out. It has its faults, to be sure, but they are neither numerous nor serious. The reader should not be left with the impression that the second stratum of the Schliemann excavation was the Troy of Homer; someone blundered by inserting a second picture of the Theseum in the place of the fine old temple at Paestum, which we should enjoy much more; the binding of the volume is hardly dignified enough to be in keeping with the contents; and the author is almost too fond of emphasizing his disagreements with other scholars. But these matters are hardly worth mention. The reader will enjoy Mr. Stobart's independence and his flashes of vivacity, and will admire him for his gift of judgment in the exclusion of irrelevant matter, and for his sympathetic setting forth of what is really significant. He makes no pretense of recording all the facts, nor indeed of knowing them all, though every page indicates easy command of the subject. His work is not of the sort which the Gentle Reader describes, in which "There are exhaustive arguments now on the one side and now on the other, which exactly balance one another. There are references to bulky volumes, where at the foot of every page the notes run along, like little angry dogs barking at the text." His purpose is to make his presentation popular in the best sense by reciting the essential facts regarding Hellenic culture and helping the reader to form an opinion, and he has succeeded admirably, so far as success is possible with a subject which is by nature intellectually aristocratic.

In one respect, not all of the lovers of Hellenism will agree with Mr. Stobart. "I believe," he says, "that our art and literature have by this time absorbed and assimilated what Greece had to teach, and that our roots are so entwined with the soil of Greek culture that we can never lose the taste of it as long as books are read and pictures painted. We are, in fact, living on the legacy of Greece, and we may, if we please, forget the testatrix." The inference seems to be that there need be no regret for the passing of the Greek classics from our education.

Without stopping to contemplate the pleas-

antly mixed metaphor, let us say that it may be true that what Greece had for us has been absorbed and assimilated by some generations of modern times; but let us add that in our opinion no generation will receive anything like the full inspiration and power that come from the Hellenic source without absorbing and assimilating the Greek spirit afresh for itself. No doubt we shall not soon lose the taste of Greek culture, and no doubt we shall do fairly well without first-hand contact with it in our educational system; but the real question is not whether we are to do fairly well, but whether we are to do our best. There have been too many famous examples of great men whose genius was fertilized by ennobling familiarity with Greek literature for us to give a too facile consent to its neglect.

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

#### THE LIFE-STORY OF A COTTON-MILL OPERATIVE.\*

Mr. Priddy's "Life of a Mill-Boy" is a vivid story of personal experience in cotton mills, amid industrial and domestic conditions which tend to destroy vitality of body, mind, and soul. Much has been written during the last quarter-century regarding mill operatives, from the point of view of the legislator, the researcher in economics, and the social worker. Here is a narrative of actual life, bald and frank in its realism, dramatic in its action, and forceful in appeal to the reader's imagination and sympathy. It is a sad life-story of a youth, doomed from boyhood for seven years to endure the physical strain, the mental atrophy, and the moral deterioration which impure air, and hard, vulgar environment, would produce in a boy of delicate and sensitive nature.

The book is not alone a picture of industrial evils, which were more widespread a decade ago than they are to-day under improved legislation and inspection, but it is also a contribution to the literature of adolescence. It might be used as a treatise on child-welfare, or as a tract upon the results of alcoholism. With intimate details, the author has unfolded his life from ten to twenty years, from his departure from Hadfield in England and his arrival in New Bedford, Massachusetts, to share the home of an uncle and aunt who were confirmed inebriates, through service in the mills as sweeper, a doffer, and a joiner, until he makes a dash for freedom and

education in a Western college. There are pictorial scenes,—the memory of his last Christmas eve in England, with carol-singing and festivity without and gloom and hunger within; the first day in America, with its alternate hopes and disappointments; the revels and brawls of "the gang," led by "Peter One Leg-and-a-Half"; the fleeting yet recurrent ambitions to improve his mind and shake off the thralldom of the machine. The fearful strain of ten and a half hours daily in the mill upon the boy who was only thirteen years of age, but had been admitted to work through his uncle's perjury, is revealed in direct statement: "I gulped in the fresh air when out of the mill, and walked with my chest thrown out, a stiff, self-conscious, growing lad, fighting ever against the impending tragedy of a deformed body." Again, at sixteen, after three years in a mill-room, he reached a climax of despair: "My body had been beaten into a terrifying weakness and lassitude by the rigors of the mill. My æsthetic sense of things had been rudely, violently assaulted by profanity, immorality, and vile indecencies. I had come to that fatalistic belief, which animates so many in the mill, that the social bars are set up, and are set up forever. I should always have to be in the mill." Gradually, through the influences of evening schools, second-hand books bought at Salvation Army salvage rooms, and acquaintance with two educated foremen, his dormant manhood and ambitions were stirred to activity and emancipation.

One of the most interesting and dispassionate chapters is that which relates to the strike of forty thousand employees in New Bedford, a struggle for four months which ended in defeat for the strikers. Although allied with the strikers at the time, the author says: "The conduct of the strike, as I looked on it from behind the scenes, was simply a political enterprise. Our leader kept urging us to resist. He himself was not working in the mill but was getting his money from our dues. Several of our meetings were no more than drinking bouts. The strike manager, who conducted our part in it, elected his closest friends to important offices which offered good remuneration."

In the background of this Autobiography is another romantic tragedy, grim and sad,—a picture of the curse which falls upon a home where the demon of inebriety is allowed to enter and abide. The struggles of Uncle Stanwood, whose manhood had become weak and flaccid through drink; and his pathetic efforts to reform and to remove temptation from his dissipated

\*THROUGH THE MILL: THE LIFE OF A MILL-BOY. By Al Priddy. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.



wife, "with an electric temper," are incidents of real pathos. In keeping with its bald realism, the author has used freely the vernacular of the "toughs," and has painted his canvas upon a background of heavy, sordid gloom with scarcely a gleam of sunshine. There are several good illustrations in color by Wladyslaw T. Benda.

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

There has been of recent years a noticeable decline in the vitality of Mrs. Humphry Ward's fiction. Her themes have seemed to become more forced and artificial, and her workmanship to become dulled. While her conscientiousness has compelled admiration, and the intellectual quality of her work has been maintained upon a high plane of excellence, we have somehow lost the sense of eager anticipation with which we awaited a new book from her pen a score of years ago. "The Case of Richard Meynell" comes nearer to exciting us in the old way than anything else she has done for a long time. It is, frankly, nothing more than a revised version of "Robert Elsmere," and those who were unmoved by that famous book will do well to pass its successor by; on the other hand, those to whom religion is one of the most important of human concerns, and its rescue from the tangle of theological cobwebs one of the noblest objects of human endeavor, will get from the new novel much the same sort of thrill and inspiration that they got from its prototype. The contrast between the two, in the matter of outcome, is striking. Robert Elsmere was too far in advance of his time to hope for anything but failure, and the dead weight of tradition was too heavy for him to move. But Richard Meynell's outlook, twenty years later, is very different. The leaven of liberalism has been working all the while, quietly but effectively, and the time is ripe for a spiritual revolution. The modernist movement of which he becomes the leader has gathered such momentum that buoyancy rather than despair is the keynote of his activities, and he is fully persuaded that the stars in their courses are on the side of his cause. His work takes the form of an organized movement to soften the creeds and intellectualize the life of the Church of England, and as parish after

parish enlists under the new banner of spiritual freedom the final triumph of modernism becomes more and more certain. Meynell and his fellow-protestants may upon technical grounds be dispossessed of their livings, but their ideas are marching irresistibly onward toward the goal of a church that shall embody the spiritual life of the whole nation. These men no longer plead for toleration; they boldly demand their rights as representatives of the new religious conscience. Mrs. Ward is not, we think, unfair in her presentation of the reactionary side of the argument. The figure of the Bishop is no less sympathetically presented than that of the clergyman who opposes him, and equally compels our admiration for his steadfastness and devotion. But it is clear that the type of ecclesiasticism for which he stands has well-nigh had its day. It must not be supposed that Mrs. Ward's novel is wholly one of religious controversy, although this provides its central motive. There is much interest of the more human and even dramatic sort, provided in part by Meynell's love for the daughter of Robert Elsmere, and by the network of suspicion and calumny that entangles him when he maintains his pledge of secrecy to a friend long since dead. To reveal that secret would bring shame upon a woman whose subsequent conduct has more than atoned for a youthful lapse, and brand with illegitimacy a girl whose high-strung nature could not survive such a blow. So Meynell suffers the evil-minded to think of him as the sinner, and to forge of the calumny a weapon for use against him in the religious crusade. Of course, the truth comes out, as it usually does, clearing Meynell's character, but with tragic consequences for the girl. The whole complication is rather difficult to follow, because it takes for granted a somewhat more vivid recollection of certain earlier novels than most readers are likely to have preserved. We close the book with a feeling that the author has cast her old spell upon us, and with a sense of vigorous intellectual and spiritual exercise that few others have a comparable power to impart.

Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet") is a serious artist, and her work is entitled to the highest respect. With her, character is always the main consideration—in which respect she is more French than English in method—and such things as plot, incident, and situation are only of value as they help us to understand motive and temperament. Hence the mere story of "Adrian Savage" is a rather thin affair. Adrian is an Englishman turned French, a graceful figure in Parisian intellectual society, and the editor of a review. He loves an elusive French lady with restrained passion and in the most decorous way imaginable. The only fly in his ointment is her sympathetic interest in a decadent painter, which becomes serious only in Adrian's exaggerated fears, and ceases to cloud his hopes when the painter conveniently becomes insane. But Adrian has also English connections, and is unexpectedly called across the Channel by a death which makes him trustee of an estate which has descended to the two

\*THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

ADRIAN SAVAGE. By Lucas Malet. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE COMPOSER. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE MONKEY MOON. A Romance. By Jeffery Farnol. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A PERSON OF SOME IMPORTANCE. By Lloyd Osbourne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

MY LADY OF DOUBT. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

JANE DAWSON. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Misses Smyrthwaite, his cousins. The duty is unwelcome, but he accepts it gracefully, and finds himself spending some time in the English country place, which is to him the most depressing environment imaginable. Of the two sisters, one is good-looking and stolid; the other is distressingly plain but endowed with the intensity of nature that is usually the warrant of unhappiness. This young woman, Joanna by name, keeps a journal, and in its pages she reveals herself as never by word of mouth to any human being. And the tragedy of it all is that Joanna, mistaking her cousin's courtly bearing and polished manner for signs of a deep personal interest, persuades herself that she has become the object of his affections. When he realizes this dreadful misunderstanding, he is naturally uncomfortable, although no act or thought has given him cause for self-reproach. And when the young woman, after confidently revealing to him her fatuous self-delusion, learns how utterly without foundation are all her hopes, there is nothing left for her but suicide. The situation is not agreeable to read about, but the power of its portrayal is insistent, and as a study in morbid introspection, the character of Joanna must be recognized as a masterpiece. There is endless psychologizing in the book; the people concerned all analyze themselves and each other, and the writer analyzes them again on her own account. This process makes them all surprisingly real, and there is much vivid incident to heighten the effect. The style, whether in description, illumination, self-revelation, or dialogue, has the mark of a distinction which is anything but common in our latter-day fiction, and which makes "Lucas Malet" a writer always to be reckoned with. We cannot quite place this work upon the plane of "Sir Richard Calmady," but it does not need to stand as high as that to be considered a remarkable novel.

Mr. and Mrs. Castle, in "The Composer," have taken a leaf from the Wagnerian legend, and endeavored to create a super-musician whose genius holds the world in awe. His name is Lothnar, the temple of his worship is Frankheim, and he writes amazing music-dramas based upon the Greek myths. A young singer, Fräulein Sarolta, comes under his spell, and is chosen to interpret his heroines—Iphigenia, Phædra, and the rest. He becomes the god of her idolatry, not only as genius but as man, and the fact that she is not contented to worship him as a genius alone is her undoing. The situation is a little difficult to take in, for Lothnar is personally anything but prepossessing, and the girl's mad infatuation makes a heavy demand upon our credulity. By the time she realizes that he lives only for his art, and that he has played upon her emotions solely with the aim of making her a better singer, she has run the whole gamut of exaltation and agony, and is ready to accept the dog-like devotion of the stolid young Englishman who has all the time been hovering in the background. Something is broken within her, but the mechanism of life somehow keeps on running, and she must make

the best of it. The Castles are particularly good at this sort of temperamental melodrama, and we may not deny that the present tale, although anything but convincing, successfully maintains its artificial interest.

When George Bellew, American millionaire, crosses the Atlantic in his yacht in pursuit of a young woman, and then learns that she has bestowed her affections elsewhere, he thinks he is broken-hearted. Whereupon he slings a pack over his shoulders, and takes to the road in Kent. After sundry adventures by the wayside, he encounters a small boy, becomes chummy with him, and learns that he has set out in quest of a fortune to retrieve the distress of his Aunt Anthea, whose farm is mortgaged, and who cannot make both ends meet. George persuades his new friend to take him to the farm, and discovers that it is Arcadia, in very fact, and that its mistress is a dream of loveliness. He persuades her to take him in as a boarder, and makes himself very much at home. Presently he saves the family furniture from going at auction, and puts a spoke in the wheel of the squire, who is taking a mean advantage of Anthea, profiting by her distress to force her into a loveless marriage. With the small boy as a fellow-conspirator, he arranges to have a buried fortune discovered on the grounds just in time to pay the mortgage that its skinflint holder is about to foreclose. It seems that this marvel is possible only under certain conditions at the full of the moon, in other words, when there is "a money moon." Hence this pretty tale by Mr. Jeffery Farnol is called "The Money Moon," and is fairly drenched with romantic sentiment. The happy day does not go until the maiden yields, but it requires both strategy and masterful action to bring about this consummation. This is the merest trifle of a book in comparison with the author's "Broad Highway," and consequently disappoints us not a little, but it has enough grace and tender idyllic charm to make it measurably worth while.

The romantic story of the Austrian archduke who separated himself from civilization some twenty years ago, his subsequent history and fate to remain a mystery, has been taken by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne for the groundwork of the tale which he entitles "A Person of Some Importance." Last year, it will be remembered, the missing man was declared to be legally dead, and his estate settled. Mr. Osbourne's invention (for which there is some shadow of historical support) represents the archduke as having concealed himself, in company with the lady for whom he thought the world well lost, upon a remote island in the South Pacific, and as having died there after his twenty years of self-imposed exile. The name "John Orth," which he is known to have taken, here becomes "John Mort." The story is primarily concerned with one Matthew Broughton, in training for the navy, but dismissed in disgrace from the Annapolis Academy for participation in a hazing outrage. He ships before the mast, knocks about the seas for a

while, and finally comes upon "John Mort," by whom he is made a sort of confidential agent. After some years of this life, he wearies of it, and returns to his home in New England, pledged to the profoundest secrecy by his late royal employer. This is where the real story begins, for agents of the Austrian court get upon Broughton's track, and seek to extort from him the secret which they are persuaded is in his possession. They resort in vain to cajolery, bribery, and personal violence. They thwart his every attempt to make a living, and when he elopes with the daughter of the local magnate, they track him to California, lure him on board a ship under their control, and carry him to the South Pacific. Here, it seems, an Austrian battle-ship, carrying no less august a passenger than the Emperor, is awaiting their arrival; and here, moved by the Emperor's own plea, Broughton discloses his well-kept secret. But when the mysterious island is reached it transpires that "John Mort" has died a few weeks before, and the hopes of his imperial father are crushed. Here is obviously the material for a good yarn, and as far as invention is concerned, the author has put it to fairly good use. But his style is so raw, and his characterization so wooden, that our chief feeling is one of disappointment that the theme has not fallen into hands capable of doing it more justice and of more fully realizing its romantic possibilities.

The latest of Mr. Randall Parrish's ladies is called "My Lady of Doubt," and it follows the pattern of its predecessors so closely that we always know what to expect. It offers a variant only in being a Revolutionary romance instead of a tale of the Civil War. Its scene is in and about Philadelphia during the last weeks of the British occupation, and it culminates in the battle of Monmouth. The hero is a Continental spy who has many hairbreadth escapes, and the heroine is a young woman who alternately aids and thwarts him — a procedure which keeps him guessing, and accounts for the phrase by which she is styled. No wonder the girl is perplexed, for her father is in one camp and her brother in the other, while she is desperately wooed both by the Continental hero and the royalist officer who has been her lover from childhood. The latter, however, turns out to be so black a villain that we waste no sympathy over his discomfiture. Several famous historical figures flit across the pages from time to time.

Another tale of rural Georgia, with most of the familiar features of shrewd portraiture and homely observation that are found in Mr. Harben's earlier books, is now offered us in "Jane Dawson." Jane is a hard old woman who has been betrayed in her youth and made an outcast. To add to her offending, she has become a "free thinker," and her son has taken the same course. The latter is a man of strong character and clear intelligence, in striking contrast to the simple-minded and zealous preacher with whom he is at odds. There is a young woman who cannot easily choose between the two men, both of whom love her; at last, however, she learns to

know her own heart, and gives herself to the one who has found shelter outside the orthodox fold. There is a great deal of theological discussion in the course of the story, which makes it rather tiresome, because the issues concerned are such as no longer exist for thinking people, however much they may still affect the rustic mind. The figure of Jane is drawn with a good deal of grim power and endowed with at least a spark of vitality.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Scanning the horizon in the Farthest East.*

The political control of the Philippine Islands by the United States has brought the Farthest East somewhat nearer us, and has given a wide basis of interest in the Malay peoples, and in the industrial, economic, sanitary, political, educational, and religious problems that arise in connection with the control of nature in the tropics, the development of the rich resources of equatorial lands, the exploitation of subject peoples, and the preservation and growth of an indigenous civilization. No nation has had a wider experience in this field than Holland, whose immense possessions in the East Indies have been an unfailing source of wealth to the ruling power for centuries. Dutch colonies the East Indies have never really become, for the ruling race has never peopled these dependencies further than to provide temporary staffs for political control, commercial exploitation, or scientific exploration. During these centuries of Dutch conquest (still in bloody progress in Acheen), and of occupation, the relations of the ruling and subject peoples have passed through an evolution in which the ethical standards of the Dutch nation have steadily displaced the lower ones established by commercial greed. Policies of extermination of resisting tribes and ruthless suppression of rivals in trade, which characterized the period of the control by trading companies, gave way to forced labor and extortionate taxation by agents of the government, and this in turn to a more intelligent policy of agricultural and industrial development of native peoples and to the initial steps in a system of education. M. Cabaton holds no brief for the Malay in his "Java, Sumatra, and the Other Islands of the Dutch East Indies" (Scribner), but his ably written volume gives a clear insight into the nature of the exceedingly complex and difficult problem which confronts the Netherlands of to-day, as it faces the increasingly insistent demands of the subject peoples for wider educational opportunities and greater industrial and commercial freedom. Java, as well as the United States, has its Oriental problem. The recent influx of Japanese, following the Russo-Japanese war, with their demand for and freely granted equality with Europeans, has stimulated the Chinese of the Malay ports, who are a large element in inter-native commercial life, to obtain Japanese citizenship in Formosa and return thence to Batavia with hopes



for enlarged opportunities. When the New China knocks at the doors of Malaysia, a new readjustment of political and commercial relations in the Far East impends. An introduction to the work, by the translator, Mr. Bernard Miall, affords a suitable historical background for the reader. The book is well illustrated, and gives a detailed, methodical, comprehensive and exceptionally complete account of the history, government, resources, industries, commerce, customs, religions of the Dutch East Indies, as well as a candid and illuminating statement of the complex and pressing problems resulting from contact of the Occident and Orient in the land of spices.

*A country-art  
to Uncle Remus.*

In "Bypaths in Dixie" (Dutton) Mrs. Sarah J. Cocke has given us a series of negro fables as entertaining as the classic tales of Joel Chandler Harris. Not only does Mist'r Race Hoss run for the office of king of beasts against Jack Donkey—who covers himself head and ears to hide his asinine unfitness for that exalted office and yet is betrayed by his voice—and not only does Mis' Race Hoss give a party for her husband's benefit, where Sis' Sow and her children display their gluttonous propensities; but also Ned Dog and Billy Goat fill one story, conducting themselves in quite human fashion, and even Shoo Fly and Hoss Fly enact a drama of their own, which fly-paper and screen windows and modern sanitation all but bring to a tragic close. Indeed, we are taken out into the woods, and learn the life-history of Mist'r Bad 'Simmon Tree, and of Big Eye Buzzard, who aspired to be accepted in the society of the royal eagles and made love to Tishy Peafowl till that charming young lady's father exposed the false gallant's unspeakable leaning to certain improper foods. Even Mist'r Rattlesnake plays a part quite scriptural and instructive, and Mist'r Grab-all Spider is all by himself a monopoly in restraint of trade. The stories are delightfully fresh, and, in spite of inevitable similarities, are really unlike the negro fables best known. Indeed, they suggest the query whether Mrs. Cocke is the inventor, or only the narrator—with literary privileges—of the deeds ascribed by Phyllis to the animals. This, however, brings us to another phase of the book: it is not simply a volume of fables. The whole composition takes higher rank in literature than a mere collection of stories, by reason of its artistic unity. This unity is achieved through the personality of Phyllis, the negro mammy who tells the instructive tales, and of the little boy Willis, her charge and her audience, supplemented at times by his neighbor, little Ma'y Van. As the tales follow one after another, the face, figure, tones, and gestures of Phyllis become vivid and familiar to us, and the two little auditors grow more and more lifelike, till we have a Southern nursery complete. Even the father and mother, though they discreetly refrain from breaking the compact unity of the nursery life by actual appearance on the scene, do now and then pass the door, as it were, and cast on the floor characteristic shadows

of themselves. Phyllis's freedom from interference makes her self-revelation the more unconstrained, and Mrs. Cocke has succeeded in conveying completely into her book the wise, wily, humorous, and inventive mammy. She stands apart from the purely comic negro and the sentimental negro of much dialect fiction, and represents wholesome realism in that branch of Southern literature. So excellent is Mrs. Cocke's depicting of the character that one feels bold to predict for Phyllis a niche beside Uncle Remus. Willis and Ma'y Van, too, are creations, and the interest of the stories depends largely upon our vivid consciousness all the while of the child listeners who share them with us; but the ebony-skinned narrator is the heroine of the book.

*The world's  
Universities.*

The attempt to give any adequate portrayal of twenty leading universities of the world within the compass of a single octavo volume of 275 pages would seem a desperate one from the start. Yet if it could be successfully done, President Thwing would seem to be one of the most promising entries for the contest. But a perusal of his recent book must prove disappointing to this high expectation. The rough-and-ready classification of all universities into four groups—learning-laboratories, character-builders, culture-studies, and efficiency-mills—is a seductive but perilous snare. It does not prevent a sound and appreciative estimate of Oxford and London, though the limited space is a bar to adequacy. But when it denies, or tends to deny, to Berlin and Harvard the predicate of efficient, and applies it preëminently to Tokyo and Calcutta, the danger becomes evident. In the value of the characterizations and estimates of various institutions there is great difference. Many of the observations on the University of Madrid seem guarded and just. Such epigrams as "Universities are at once the cause and the result of the Zeit-Geist," and "The pride, not of life, but of living, dominates," and "For lack of knowledge the people perish, but never for lack of art," are what might be expected from the author of "A History of Higher Education in America." So much the more striking is the onesidedness of the treatment of Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Budapest. And so much the more startling the carelessness and absolute obscurity of many passages in the chapters on these institutions. The treatment as well as the language almost compels the conclusion that portions of these articles were prepared by an ill-trained translator. What is to be made, for instance, of such expressions as these: "The worthiest men which humanity or Austria has given to itself" (p. 142). "But, despite this condition, the University of Vienna is still [meaning 'nevertheless'] a commanding force of the entire world. . . . But in respect to students, its six thousand are larger than are found in any American institution" (p. 149). "Above most great universities of the world Vienna does not attract foreign students" (p. 151). "For the Hungarian people embody Slavic traditions,

unlike those of the wide-spreading, conquering Aryan." (Are not, then, the Slavs Aryans?) "The teachings offered in Hungarian language are especially numerous" (p. 160). "The chief building of the University . . . lengthens itself out to about one thousand feet" (p. 170). Such passages might be cited by the score. Despite these defects of style, and some judgments from which many well-informed persons would dissent, President Thwing's book, with its handsome half-tones, will be a welcome survey of a great field not often presented to one glance of the eye.

*Life-story of a Canadian priest.*

"The true missionary," said General Butler, "is the finest soldier now left in the world." And Sir John Macdonald told a London audience that "The finest moral police in the world is to be found in the priesthood of French Canada." Add to these general statements the estimate of Archbishop Ireland, that old Father Lacombe of the Oblate Order, now spending his last days in his Home for the Poor at Midnapore, is "the most remarkable priest Western America has seen," and the life of that noble and picturesque character, compiled by Katherine Hughes and published by Moffat, Yard & Company, would seem labor spent on a worthy object. The story, told in the simplest chronological fashion, with no generalizations, no ecstasies, and no cant, is more than an interesting biography: it fulfils its religious and ethical purpose more effectively than any amount of pointing of morals could do. Born near Quebec, with a strain of Indian blood to add romance and restlessness to his vivacious French temperament, active for more than sixty years in the stirring affairs of frontier Canada, spirited enough to thunder "Thou art the man!" in the face of the all-powerful Hudson Bay Company manager, and to camp in the private office of the Canadian Minister of the Interior until he signs the document assuring the Western priesthood financial independence, devoted enough to risk his life again and again fighting infectious diseases among his squalid parishioners, and again and again in more exciting if no more dangerous surroundings, and bubbling over from first to last with soul-thrilling eloquence and pigeon-English *mots*, famous over two continents and carrying a battered wood and brass crucifix as "my only decoration,"—he is at the same time one of the most amusing and one of the most touching figures of his generation. The book is entitled "Father Lacombe, the Black-Robe Voyageur," and is profusely illustrated with photographs and charts.

*Chapters in the New Astronomy.*

One needs a somewhat wide general knowledge of astronomy, meteorology, geology, and also biology, to handle successfully such a subject as "The Growth of a Planet," when the treatment is as thorough as that given by Professor Edwin Sharp Grew. Nearly ten years have now elapsed since the publication of Sir Robert S. Ball's fascinating work on "The

Earth's Beginning," and so great has been the progress made during that time that a new book setting forth the latest researches and speculations is very welcome. Mr. Grew's work covers a greater range than Sir Robert Ball's; for the latter contents himself with a brilliant exposition of the origin of the earth according to the nebular hypothesis, while the former discusses not only the origin but the later history of our earth, as its face has been wrinkled and furrowed by various agencies, while life, mysteriously originating, has developed prodigiously. Instead of following the old nebular hypothesis of Laplace, our author expounds the new and distinctively American theory known as the "planetesimal theory," which originated from the labors of Professors Chamberlin and Moulton of the University of Chicago, and is making its way throughout the world of science. Mr. Grew, or his printers, however, take the liberty of calling it the "planetismal" theory; but the Century Dictionary does not recognize the word. Having started the planets and their satellites upon their career, the author wisely limits his discussion of their further development chiefly to the single case of the earth, where we have some solid facts to build upon. Beginning at the very foundation, the probable structure of the core of the earth is discussed at considerable length; this is followed by a luminous exposition of the causes of the present shape of the earth's surface, a subject to which certain well-known British scientists, especially Darwin, Jeans, and Love, have given much ingenious study. The modifications of the surface by volcanoes, earthquakes, and the agencies of air and water, are next treated. Finally, the origin and development of life, both vegetable and animal, have about a fourth of the book allotted to them, the whole matter being closed by some brief considerations as to the future of life on our planet. The reader will be convinced of the wide range of the author's study, his excellent understanding of the various subjects involved, and his power of adequate and interesting presentation. (Macmillan Co.)

*An economical tour of Spain.*

Mr. Harry A. Franck, a teacher of modern languages, spent four months recently in pedestrian travel in the land of Don Quixote, and the record of his experiences is published by the Century Company, with the title "Four Months Afoot in Spain." The title is a trifle misleading, since occasional resort to the railroad was necessary in order to enable the traveller to complete a zigzag itinerary between Gibraltar and Paris during the time at his disposal. The preface claims a utilitarian motive, and the author is careful to keep us in touch with his expenses, which totalled \$172 from New York to New York. The modesty of the figure is due in some degree to the generosity of the Gallicians in the northwest, who magnanimously contributed to Mr. Franck's literary enterprise by furnishing him free meals and lodging. The book is extremely amusing, even useful, for it gives a view of Spanish life that could scarcely be found

elsewhere; since foreigners in general have seen only the edges, so to speak, and the Spaniard is naturally unable to see himself. In one respect the book is almost absolutely unique: written by a foreigner, it nevertheless vigorously defends the institution of the bull-fight. The reader who knows Spain and Spanish will suspect that the author has sometimes fallen a prey to his instinct for literary effect, and will regret that the proof of the frequently-recurring bits of Spanish, inserted to give local color, was not more carefully read; but for popular reading the story is a distinct success. The same writer has already published an account of "A Vagabond Journey Round the World," and is now on his way to South America, where he will collect material for a third book of a similar character.

*The treasures and pleasures of Florence.*

Every year the number of European tourists increases, and year after year a new crop of travel-books and art-manuals springs up to meet the cry for the "latest guide." Hardy annuals we can scarcely call them, since most of these publications, carefully compiled though they be, fail to reach a second edition. Is it because hybrids are not infrequently sterile? At any rate, the travel books that live are few, and usually of two sorts: works of pure originality like Gautier's or Howells's; and the humbler but more useful guide, such as the perennial Baedeker. Approaching this type in its objectivity and wealth of information, but naturally far more complete on the artistic aspect of its subject, is Mr. Herbert Vaughan's "Florence and Her Treasures" (Macmillan), a book which the average traveller will find a real guide, philosopher, and friend. The history and description of Florence, with her churches, palaces, galleries, and museums, would furnish the material for many volumes, and any attempt to condense it into 375 duodecimo pages will provoke criticism from some quarter; but in the main Mr. Vaughan's selection will please the traveller who is not himself a specialist. An interesting account of the Festivals at Florence is given, and the notes on the paintings and statues are supplemented by brief index-lists of artists and a somewhat summary but useful chapter on Saints and their Symbols. The illustrations, which are clearly printed in beautiful half-tone, are a special feature of this little guide book, which, although a trifle corpulent, is small enough for the masculine coat-pocket.

*Psychology and business efficiency.*

Professor Walter Dill Scott, in his volume on "Increasing Efficiency in Business" (Macmillan), makes a direct appeal in plain language to the plain man. It brings psychology to the street in the conceptions and interests of the street. In so doing there is danger of assigning dominance to the motives, purposes, and methods of the street, and forsaking the principles of a larger psychology in an eagerness to serve the narrower clientele. The reactions of theory and practice are legitimately reciprocal; but the

dominance belongs to principle, and the eking out of principle to suit the shifting demands of a practice bringing with it the provincialisms of its own environment is in the long run neither profitable nor justifiable. Despite transgression in this particular, the chapters of this book show a creditable success in carrying the message of psychological economy into business. They set forth the utilization of such varied procedures as imitation, competition, loyalty, concentration, rewards, pleasures, relaxations, the sporting instinct, in advancing the cause of efficiency as tested and gauged by market values. The spirit of the application is pointed if not profound, compromising rather than directive. Yet if the implication be avoided that the mission and even the plain lesson of psychology begins and ends here, the book will be beneficial within its chosen limitations. "A contribution to the psychology of business" is open to the serious danger of having the shadow of business obscure the illumination of psychology.

Logically, from its title, one would suppose "The Man Who Likes Mexico" (The Century Co.) a biography, or perhaps a tale, of someone who, yielding to the lure of the marvellous land within the tropics, has continued to like the land and its people upon closer acquaintance. Mr. Wallace Gillpatrick, in the book above named, gives an account of his varied experiences during the first two of the six years in which he has resided in Republica Mexicana. And though the title may be criticized, the book itself is worthy a high place among works on Mexico. Mr. Gillpatrick saw not only the capital and that part of the country which most travellers see, but he became acquainted with the northwestern provinces, the region of mountains and mines, which had for him the chief charm. He is thus able to add something fresh and new to the already enormous literature of travel and sight-seeing in Mexico.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

A new two-volume edition of the "Poems and Dramas of George Cabot Lodge" (Houghton) is accompanied by a third volume, giving a biography of the poet. He has illustrious sponsors (if we may adopt the theory that being dead, he is born into fame), for Mr. Theodore Roosevelt writes the introduction to the poems, and Mr. Henry Adams is the author of the biography. It is a brilliant achievement which is here embodied and commemorated.

Mathematical prodigies will doubtless enjoy "Div-a-Let," a new "pastime or mental diversion mostly intended for those who are fond of such things," as the sub-title informs us. In "Div-a-Let" a word is taken, each letter being assigned one of the digits, in their order, and then the numbers are used in an ordinary long-division sum. The sum next is written out using the letters instead of the numbers, and from that, the player — or victim — is expected to recover the original word. Literally speaking, this may be a mental diversion, but there are numbers of people to whom it would



be anything but a pastime. The ingenious author is Dr. W. H. Vail, and the book is printed by the Revell Co. Press. Scattered through the book are a number of slips containing poems. Unless these be for the consolation of Dr. Vail's non-mathematical readers, it is hard to imagine their relation to the weird pastime here outlined.

Mr. Robert Hichens's book descriptive of "Egypt and Its Monuments," which was issued with the remarkable illustrations in color by Mr. Jules Guérin, is now reissued by the Century Co. in a small inexpensive edition, without illustrations, but with the reading matter complete. In this more handy form it will be welcomed by travellers or prospective travellers in Egypt, as well as by all admirers of Mr. Hichens who do not have access to the larger book.

Handbooks on Christian Symbolism are numerous, and they differ chiefly in the manner in which they present the subject. In Elizabeth E. Goldsmith's "Sacred Symbols in Art" (Putnam) an attempt is made to present a guidebook to the interpretation of the great religious paintings in the galleries of Europe. The illustrations, most of which are a departure from the conventional selection, make the book of value to the student at home, as an aid to a better understanding of the symbolic phases of religious art.

Critical followers of the modern drama will welcome "Modern Drama and Opera," a reading list of works of ten foremost dramatists and four operatic composers, compiled by Mrs. Clara Norton, Mr. Frank K. Walter, and Miss Fannie Elsie Marquand, and published by the Boston Book Company. The dramatists whose works are covered are D'Annunzio, Hauptmann, Ibsen, Henry Arthur Jones, Maeterlinck, Stephen Phillips, Pinero, Rostand, Shaw, and Sudermann. The composers are Debussy, Puccini, and Richard Strauss. Under the head of each author are given lists of his works, summaries of each play, and references to the best criticism of the plays. A special section deals with the general literature on dramatic technique, theory, and criticism.

Three new volumes have just been issued by the Penn Publishing Co. in their series of "Popular Handbooks." Mr. C. T. Davies contributes a small volume, "The Horse and How to Care For Him" whose scope is indicated by its sub-title, "How to choose a horse, tell his age, feed, stable, harness and train him, and keep him in good health." A number of diagrams aid this exposition. Mr. John H. Bechtel gives a short dictionary of "Biblical Quotations" arranged under the heads of the human experiences to which they severally apply. The party hostess or harassed parent will welcome the third volume, "Home Games" by Mr. George Hapgood, in which games of bodily and mental skill, chance, and observation are simply explained.

"The Position of Women in Indian Life," by Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda and Mr. S. M. Mitra, offers a most striking example of an unfortunate title; for it treats of the activities of women in every land except India. The purpose of the book is to aid in the reasonable emancipation and elevation of Indian women by giving an account of "Western feminine institutions" which might be adopted to meet Eastern requirements. From this point of view, the authors write upon such themes as "Agriculture," "Professions for Women," "Philanthropic Work," "Domestic Science," "Co-operation," "Rescue Work," and "Women in Japan." The work is thoroughly well done, whether one considers the results of investigation or the manner of pre-

sentation; and the book will take its place among the laudable efforts made by the enlightened and progressive rulers of Baroda to promote the well-being of their subjects. For the Western reader, it will be interesting mainly as an indication of this important activity, and as offering a number of incidental references to conditions in India. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

To the "History of the Sciences" series, published in London by the Rationalist Press Association and in this country by the Putnams, a "History of Biology" is contributed by L. C. Miall, F.R.S. The limitation of space imposed in the general editorial plan of the series makes impossible anything like an adequate treatment of the development of biology. Only the most salient points of fact can be brought out. So much is well done; but a history which is obliged to delete almost completely the personal element cannot be said to afford particularly entertaining reading.

Statistics of crime and criminals thus far compiled in this country by the state and federal governments are of very uneven value and are generally useless. The well-trained statistician is rare, and few of the best type are in local and state service. According to Mr. Louis N. Robinson, author of a "History of Criminal Statistics in the United States" (Houghton), the most hopeful way to reach sound results lies in the direction of federal leadership in registration areas upon a uniform plan. This study represents much labor, and will help explorers, but does not add much to expert knowledge of the subject. It will be useful in concentrating public attention upon the need of improvement in methods in this important field.

Since Mr. George Wharton James first issued his book, "In and Around the Grand Canyon of the Colorado" (Little, Brown & Co.) many changes have been made in the mapping and naming of different parts of the Canyon. In the available trails through its explorable parts, and in the hotel and other accommodations for the tourist, that he might include the latest results of work on the Canyon by the United States Geological Survey, as well as the other changes just mentioned, Mr. James has issued a new edition of his book with the necessary re-writing to bring it to date. He has included in the volume a new map of the Canyon, containing many names, suggested by himself, now adopted for newly charted or rechristened points of interest. In an appendix are given a number of newly determined heights and other dimensions of peaks, towers, buttes, etc., which hitherto have been estimated only.

The geographical availability of Colorado to the average American, and especially to the dweller in the Mississippi Valley, makes it inevitable that the "colored" State should become more and more the summer resort of those who seek pure air, while its possibilities for permanent homes have but begun to be appreciated. In view of these facts, a handy book of information, neatly printed and supplied with tables and a map, must meet a growing demand. Mr. Eugene Parsons had already written the history of Colorado, and seems to be a fit person to supply the Guidebook to that State which Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have just issued. The body of the book is arranged by counties in alphabetical order, while a good index renders the carefully compiled information accessible from any point of view. The book is illustrated with over seventy fine half-tones. Another good feature is the table of distances and railroad rates.

## NOTES.

The first chapters of a new novel by Mr. William J. Locke, entitled "Stella Maris," appear in the January "Century."

"Multitude and Solitude" is the title of a new novel by Mr. John Masefield, author of "The Tragedy of Nan," "The Street of To-day," etc., which Mr. Mitchell Kennerley will soon publish.

"Barnes's Popular History of the United States," for many years a standard text-book, has been brought up to date and issued by the Baker & Taylor Co. in a handsome octavo volume of 780 pages.

A new novel by Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "A Fountain Sealed," "Amabel Channice," etc., is announced for early publication by the Century Co. under the title of "Tante."

Mr. Jeffery Farnol, author of "The Broad Highway," is planning a visit to this country as soon as he completes his new novel, "The History of an Amateur Gentleman," which will be published in book form by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

The selection of Meredith letters which Lord Morley is editing will be published in the course of next autumn by the Messrs. Scribner. The letters are not to be linked into a biography, but will simply be arranged in a natural way, with notes by Lord Morley where notes are necessary.

"The Book-Lovers' Anthology," edited by Mr. R. M. Leonard, will be issued immediately by Mr. Henry Frowde. It consists of passages in poetry and prose relating to books in all their aspects, grouped according to the subject. Some two hundred and fifty authors in all are represented.

John Bigelow's death leaves his "Retrospections of an Active Life" uncompleted. The Baker & Taylor Co. issued the first three volumes of these reminiscences two years ago, and it is understood that Mr. Bigelow left the material for the remaining volumes in a condition which will permit of its being promptly prepared for the press by his son, Major Bigelow.

The "English Readings for Schools" of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. constitute one of the most attractive and carefully-edited series of texts now available. The latest additions to the series are "Ivanhoe," edited by Mr. Alfred A. May; the "Sketch Book," edited by Mr. A. W. Leonard; Stevenson's "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey," edited by Mr. Edwin Mims; and Macaulay's "Clive" and "Hastings," edited by Messrs. F. E. Pierce and Samuel Thurber, Jr.

Freytag's "Die Journalisten" (Merrill) is once more edited for school use, this time by Mr. H. A. Potter, who supplies the usual apparatus for student use. Another excellent text is Fontane's "Grete Minds" (Holt), edited by Mr. H. W. Thayer. The reading-book of "German Epics Retold" (American Book Co.), compiled by Mr. M. Bine Holly, gives in German prose, with quotations, the substance of ten mediæval works, including the *Parzival*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan* stories, the "*Heliand*," the "*Nibelungenlied*," the "*Woltaried*," and the *Song of Gudrun*.

The modern Historic Records Association, lately incorporated at New York, has for its object the handing-down to posterity of the completest possible records of the life we are now living. The photograph, the phonograph, the moving-picture films, the written and the printed word — every means known to science is to be employed

to enable our descendants to make the irrevocable past in some sense not wholly irrevocable. Fire-proof buildings are to be erected for the safe keeping of these precious memorials. The incorporators include many men well known in their various professions and occupations.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard, a novelist better known through her pseudonym of John Strange Winter, died in London on the 14th of December. She was a most prolific fiction writer, her total output being nearly 100 volumes. Her stories were chiefly about army life, and John Ruskin referred to her as "the author to whom we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier." Among her works that became popular both in Europe and America are "Bootles' Baby," "The Soul of the Bishop," "Only Human," "Houpla," and "The Truth Tellers." She was fifty-six years of age.

Early in the present month Mr. William T. Price of New York will begin publication of a monthly review, "The American Playwright," devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will aim to give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama; and will contain a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all creditable published plays and books and articles relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art.

The list of private collectors of books and literaria in the United States, which was printed in "The Annual Library Index, 1910," published by the Office of "The Publishers' Weekly," is undergoing a thorough revision for insertion in the Annual covering 1911, to be published early in March. The original list contains about 1100 names and addresses of bookbuyers, with mention of the specialties each collector is interested in. It was the first attempt to gather together such a directory since G. Hedeler, of Leipzig, printed his list of buyers in the United States and Canada fourteen years ago. It has been helpful in promoting fraternal interests among collectors and in putting them in touch with others of similar tastes. The revision will include additional names, making the total number about 1500, arranged geographically by states as before. Data for the forthcoming revision will be welcomed if supplied before January 15, 1912.

The "New Grant White Shakespeare," embodying the ripest American scholarship and latest Shakespearian study, is now announced for publication by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., after years of careful preparation. While preserving White's text in the main, the new work will contain such changes in the light of the investigations and opinions of modern and recent editors — from the Cambridge edition to Furness — as seem desirable in order to give in this edition the best available Shakespeare text up to the present time. The editors are Messrs. William P. Trent, M.A., Benjamin Wells, Ph.D., and John B. Henneman, Ph.D., who have revised, supplemented, and annotated this edition. The set, comprising eighteen octavo volumes, will include nearly one hundred pictures by eminent artists, collected by Messrs. Goupil of Paris, and supplemented by sixty-nine additional plates, comprising pictures of well-known actors and actresses in Shakespearian rôles. There will also be facsimiles of title-pages of the original quartos and of the four folios.

## TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1912.

Abbey, E. A., Last Murals of. Royal Cortissoz. *Scribner*.  
 African Sketches. Janet Allardye. . . . . *Scribner*.  
 Airman, Evolution of the. Henry Woodhouse. *McClure*.  
 Alaskan Problem, The. Ralph S. Tarr. *North American*.  
 American Ideals, Future of. P. F. Hall. *North American*.  
 American Speaking Voice, The. F. Rogers. . . *Scribner*.  
 Arbitration Treaties. Charles C. Hyde. *North American*.  
 Arbitration Treaties, The Pending. W. H. Taft. *Century*.  
 Archaeology, American. Ellsworth Huntington. *Harper*.  
 Army and Navy, Scientific Management in.  
 C. D. Brewer. . . . . *World's Work*.  
 Baconian, A, in Shakespeare's Town.  
 W. D. Howells. . . . . *North American*.  
 Banking House as an Aid to Investors.  
 Edward S. Meade. . . . . *Lippincott*.  
 Black Durham, The Upbuilding of.  
 W. Burghardt Du Bois. . . . . *World's Work*.  
 Chinese Science. C. K. Edmunds. . . . . *Popular Science*.  
 Chinese Students in America. J. Grier Hibben. *No. Amer.*  
 Closed Shop, The. W. G. Merritt. . . . . *North American*.  
 College President, Evolution of. S. B. Griffin. . *Atlantic*.  
 Colleges, Small. J. J. Stevenson. . . . . *Popular Science*.  
 Continent, Flying Across the. F. Strother. *World's Work*.  
 Cooking, The Future of. Henry T. Finck. . . *Century*.  
 Coral Reef Collecting. Vernon L. Kellogg. *Pop. Science*.  
 Debt, The Story of a. Frank M. White. *World's Work*.  
 De Morgan, Bibliography of. Lenox Astor. . *Bookman*.  
 Department, The Neglected. Judge G. C. Holt. *No. Amer.*  
 Dickens Characters in Real Life. Harold Begbie. *Century*.  
 Dickens in America. Joseph Jackson. . . *World's Work*.  
 Diplomacy, Dollar Ideals in—II. H. M. Hyde. *Everybody's*.  
 England and Germany. Sydney Brooks. . . *Forum*.  
 Force in International Relations. Admiral Mahan. *No. Amer.*  
 Government and Christianity. Winston Churchill. *Atlantic*.  
 Hawaii, Human Nature in. Ray S. Baker. . *American*.  
 Industrial Democracy or Monopoly. W. W. Cook. *McClure*.  
 Initiative, Referendum, and Recall. J. Bourne, Jr. *Atlantic*.  
 Insanity and Non-Restraint. C. W. Page. . . *Atlantic*.  
 Irish National Theatre, The. Clayton Hamilton. *Bookman*.  
 Israel, Josef, Art of. Byron P. Stevenson. . *Scribner*.  
 Johnson, President, and Posterity. J. Schouler. *Bookman*.  
 Labor Exchanges in Germany. Elmer Roberts. *Scribner*.  
 La Follette's Autobiography—IV. . . . . *American*.  
 Liberal Education. David Snedden. . . . . *Atlantic*.  
 Library, How to Use a. Calvin Winter. . . *Bookman*.  
 Lightning Discharges. F. E. Nipher. . . *Popular Science*.  
 Lincoln Memorial, The Proposed. Leila Mechlin. *Century*.  
 Literary Centennials. Annie K. Tuell. . . *Atlantic*.  
 Literary Men's Silhouettes. Nevill Jackson. *Bookman*.  
 Magazine "Twice Told Tales." G. J. Nathan. *Bookman*.  
 Maps, and Map Making. Cyrus C. Adams. . *Harper*.  
 Mark Twain—III. Albert Bigelow Paine. . *Harper*.  
 Mechanistic View of Life, The. Jacques Loeb. *Pop. Science*.  
 Milk for City Use. P. G. Heineman. . . *Popular Science*.  
 McNamara Case, The. William J. Burns. . *McClure*.  
 Mental Defectiveness. C. B. Davenport. *Popular Science*.  
 Montessori Teaching Methods. Josephine Tozier. *McClure*.  
 Moral Education, Lack of. Jane Addams. . *McClure*.  
 Motor Trucks. Rollin W. Hutchinson. . *World's Work*.  
 Mountaineers, American. Carlyle Ellis. . *Everybody's*.  
 Music and Politics. L. M. Isaacs. . . . *Bookman*.  
 Napoleon, New Records of. Major-General A. Emmett  
 and Captain C. C. Alexander. . . . . *Century*.  
 Nation, Insuring a. P. Lennox. . . . . *North American*.  
 Norwegian Industries. J. L. Howe. . . *Popular Science*.  
 Novel, American, Future of the. Arnold Bennett. *No. Amer.*  
 Novel, The Contemporary. H. G. Wells. . *Atlantic*.  
 Oregon, List of Measures Submitted to People of. *Atlantic*.  
 Panama Canal, The Prospective. Forbes Linday. *Lippin*.  
 Paris Academy of Sciences. E. F. Williams. *Pop. Science*.  
 Parson Poets. S. G. Tallentyre. . . . *North American*.  
 Pensions, The Abuse of. Charles F. Adams. *World's Work*.  
 Philharmonic, The Tippah. Lilian K. Hammond. *Atlantic*.

Political Corruption, Science of. Peter McArthur. *Forum*.  
 Pyle, Howard: Illustrator. . . . . *Harper*.  
 Rome and the Orient. Jesse B. Carter. . . *Atlantic*.  
 St. Helena, The Return from. . . . . *Century*.  
 School, A Real Country. B. H. Crocheron. *World's Work*.  
 Science and the Public. W. E. Ritter. . . *Popular Science*.  
 Scott, Sir Walter, Courtship of. C. S. Olcott. *Bookman*.  
 Sheep of the Desert. Kermit Roosevelt. . *Scribner*.  
 Socialism—I. H. G. Wells. . . . . *Harper*.  
 South America, Across—III. C. J. Post. . . *Century*.  
 Spanish Dances. Arthur S. Riggs. . . . *Century*.  
 Synge, J. M. The Art of. Darrell Figgis. . *Forum*.  
 Tripoli as an American Sees It. Richard Norton. *Century*.  
 Trustees who Go Wrong. "C. M. K." . . *World's Work*.  
 Tuberculosis and Industry. M. G. Overlook. *World's Work*.  
 Turks, Young, Difficulties of. Stanwood Cobb. *No. Amer.*  
 Undergraduate, The American—I. C. S. Cooper. *Century*.  
 Whitman in Camden. Horace Traubel. . . *Forum*.  
 Wilson, Woodrow—IV. William B. Hale. *World's Work*.  
 Woman of Genius, The. Anna Garlin Spencer. *Forum*.  
 Woman, The Wayfaring. Winifred Kirkland. *Atlantic*.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 119 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

Robert E. Lee: *Man and Soldier*. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated, large 8vo, 752 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.  
 The Reminiscences of James Burrill Angell. With portrait, 265 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35 net.  
 The True Daniel Webster. By Sidney George Fisher. Illustrated, 8vo, 536 pages. "The True Biographies." J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2. net.

## HISTORY.

Scotland. By Robert S. Rait. Illustrated, 8vo, 332 pages. "Making of the Nations Series." Macmillan Co. \$2. net.  
 The Byzantine Empire: The Rearguard of European Civilization. By Edward Ford. Illustrated, 8vo, 444 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.  
 The Common People of Ancient Rome: Studies of Roman Life and Literature. By Frank Frost Abbott. 12mo, 301 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.  
 The French Blood in America. By Lucian J. Fould. Illustrated, 8vo, 448 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. \$2. net.  
 The Administration of the English Borders During the Reign of Elizabeth. By Charles A. Conlomb. 12mo, 136 pages. "University of Pennsylvania Publications." D. Appleton & Co.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

Later Letters of Edward Lear; Author of "The Book of Nonsense," to Chichester Fortescue (Lord Carlingford), Lady Waldegrave, and Others. Edited by Lady Strachey. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo, 377 pages. Duffield & Co. \$3.50 net.  
 Maurice Maeterlinck: A Study. By Montrose J. Moses. 12mo, 315 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25 net.  
 From Ibsen's Workshop: Notes, Scenarios, and Drafts of the Modern Plays. Translated by A. G. Chater; with introduction by William Archer. 12mo, 529 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.  
 The Exemplum in the Early Religions and Didactic Literature of England. By Joseph Albert Mosher. 8vo, 161 pages. "Columbia University Studies in English." Columbia University Press. \$1.25 net.  
 The Librarian at Play. By Edmond Lester Pearson. 12mo, 301 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1. net.  
 Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning: A Study in Human Freedom. By Solomon F. Gingerich. 12mo, 263 pages. Ann Arbor, Mich. George Wahr.



**The Poetical and Ecclesiastical Allegory of the First Book of the Faerie Queene.** By F. M. Padelford. 12mo, 62 pages. "University of Washington Publications in English." Ginn & Co. 75 cts.

#### NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE

**The Works of Francis Parkman.** Pocket Edition, in 12 volumes. Each with photogravure frontispiece and maps. 18mo. Little, Brown & Co. Limp morocco, per set, \$15. net. Per volume, \$1.50 net.

**The Works of Henrik Ibsen.** Viking Edition. Edited by William Archer and C. H. Herford. Volumes I. to IV., with photogravure frontispieces, 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets by subscription.)

**The Works of George Meredith.** Memorial Edition. Volume XXVII., Various Readings and Bibliography. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 373 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets by subscription.)

**Lyrical Ballads: 1795.** By Wordsworth and Coleridge. Edited by Harold Littlehale. Printed in fac simile, 12mo, 216 pages. Oxford University Press.

#### FICTION.

**The Door in the Wall.** By H. G. Wells. Illustrated in photogravure by Alvin Langdon Coburn. 4to, 150 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. Limited edition, \$7.50 net.

**Her Husband: The Mystery of a Man.** By Julia Magruder. Illustrated, 12mo, 474 pages. Small. Maynard & Co. \$1.35 net.

**Spiritual Curiosities.** By Marian Cox. 12mo, 354 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.30 net.

**For a Night.** The Maid of the Dawber, and Complements. Translated from the French of Emile Zola by Allison M. Lederer. 12mo, 149 pages. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers. \$1. net.

**The Crux.** By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. 12mo, 311 pages. New York: Charlton Co. \$1. net.

**Through the Narrows.** By Myrtle Selbee Roe. Illustrated, 12mo, 307 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.35 net.

**The Tanquitch Maiden: A Tale of the San Jacintos.** By Phoebe Estelle Spalding. Illustrated, 16mo, 26 pages. Paul Elder & Co.

**The Young Gem Hunters; or, The Mystery of the Haunted Camp.** By Hugh Pendexter. Illustrated, 12mo, 408 pages. Small. Maynard & Co. \$1.20 net.

#### VERSE AND DRAMA.

**Horizons and Landmarks.** By Sidney Royse Ly-saght. 12mo, 137 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

**Hard Labor, and Other Poems.** By John Carter. 12mo, 87 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1. net.

**Youth, and Other Poems.** By Charles Hanson Towne. With frontispiece. 12mo, 82 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1. net.

**Psyche.** By Francis Coult. 12mo, 69 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Sailor Who Has Sailed, and Other Poems.** By Benjamin R. C. Low. 12mo, 171 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

**Cloth of Frieze.** By Mary Eleanor Roberts. 12mo, 141 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.

**Neptune's Isle, and Other Plays for Children.** By John Joy Chapman. 12mo, 201 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1. net.

**Picture Plays.** By Marguerite Merington. Illustrated, 12mo, 133 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Vista of English Verse.** Compiled by Henry S. Pancoast. 16mo, 668 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50 net.

**English Songs of Italian Freedom.** Chosen and Arranged, with an Introduction, by George Macaulay Trevelyan. 12mo, 255 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25 net.

**Foam Flowers.** By Stephen Berrien Stanton. 12mo, 90 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1. net.

**Songs en Route.** By Hester Dickinson. 12mo, 78 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

**Beyond the Twilight: A Book of Verse.** By George W. Harrington. 12mo, 92 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

**Songs in the Evening.** By Emily A. Dinwiddie. 12mo, 78 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

(Continued on next page)

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